

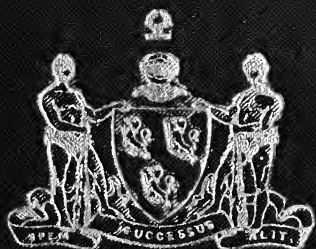


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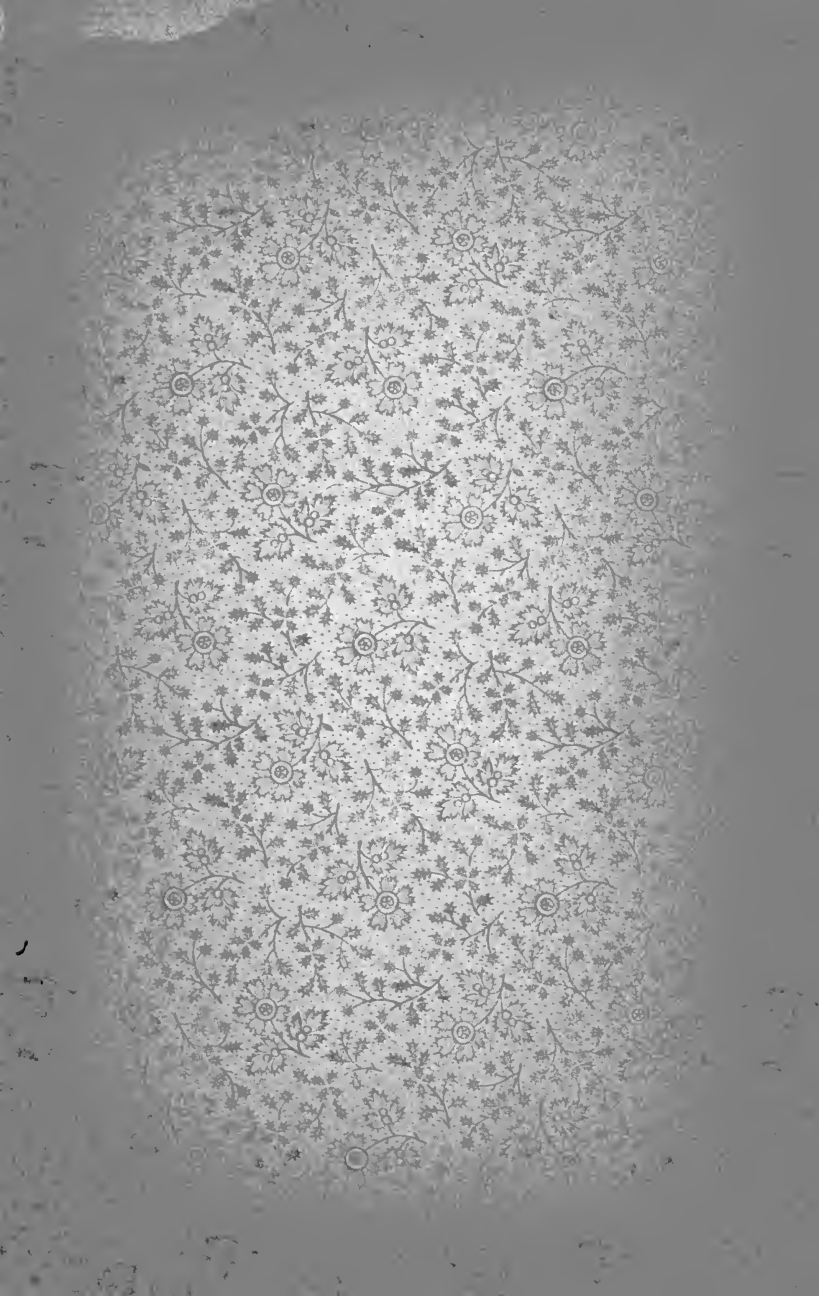
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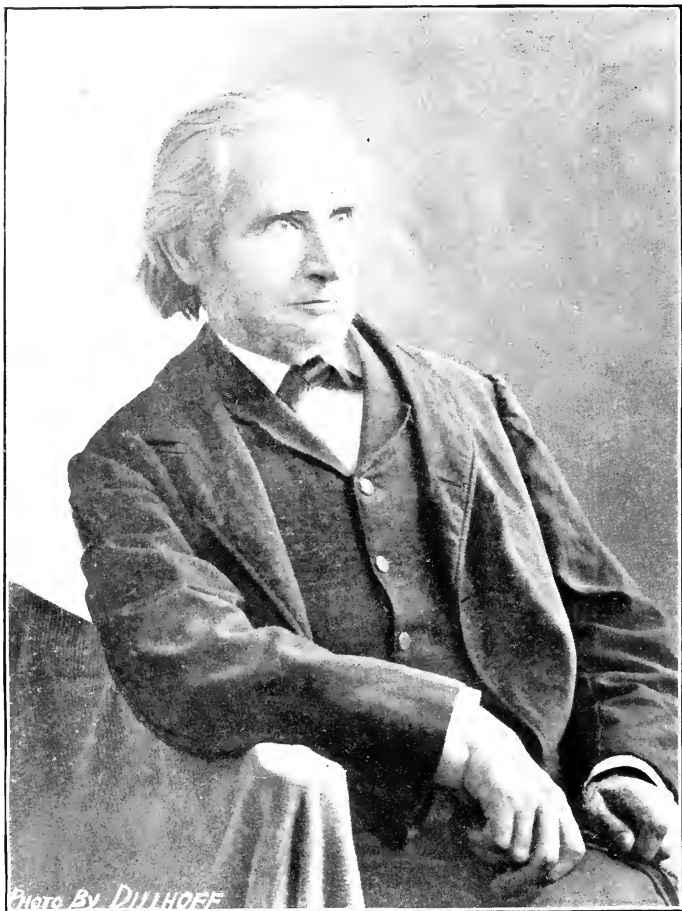


NOV 28 1900

DUTY AND OTHER POEMS

PRESS OF
J. W. F. BOWLES
BROOKLYN





DUTY
AND OTHER POEMS

BY

REV. ARCHIBALD ROSS

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL SKETCH

BY

JOHN D. ROSS, LL. D.

AUTHOR OF "SCOTTISH POETS IN AMERICA," "THE BURNS ALMANAC," ETC.

THE RAEBURN BOOK CO.

NEW YORK CITY

1901

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DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY

OF

MY DEAR WIFE,

COMPANION OF MY JOYS AND SORROWS FOR FORTY-FOUR YEARS,

A FRIEND IN ADVERSITY, A COUNSELLOR IN DIFFICULTY,

A PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

She came a flower of hope in winter time
When rocks and quagmires loomed, and skies grew black,
And hopes seemed dried and withered; but she loved,
And it was part of Wisdom's hidden plan
That love should conquer; for the compassing years—
When cares fell heaviest in the lap of life—
Found her a high-priest at the post of duty.
What tangles in life's web she would unravel!
What cares she brushed away that rest might come
In harvest season! What sweetest confidence
In Him who sent her! And her closing hours
Threw out refulgence as she bade farewell,
Leaving strong sense of peace upon our hearts
That she still lives in God.

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BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL SKETCH,

BY JOHN D. ROSS, LL. D.

It is seldom that theologians come prominently before the literary world as writers of poetry. While many of them are endowed with poetic gifts of a high order, and while they undoubtedly exercise those gifts more or less during their leisure moments, it is only on certain occasions, or for special reasons that their musings are ever allowed to pass beyond, or even become known outside of the family circle. Why this should be the rule instead of the exception, we are at a loss to determine or explain. We confess ourselves confident that many of them would ultimately attain a high rank among the poets of their country were they to place their productions within easy reach of such readers as delight in, and acknowledge themselves interested in this particular branch of literature. The Rev. Archibald Ross of Brooklyn, N. Y., is a fair example of the kind of poet preacher that we have reference to. While he has been for many years a successful laborer in the Master's vineyard, he has

not neglected to cultivate and make use of the poetical talents that he has been blessed with, and his numerous poems are not only intelligent and readable productions, but are in every respect well worthy of preservation. There is indeed something to cherish and admire in all that he has written. His muse is refined but vigorous, his language classical and terse, his rhythm musical, and his descriptive and argumentative powers keen and active. In no instance is the spirit of frivolity visible. We perceive at a glance that each of his poems has been studiously brooded over and carefully worked out, while an independent and earnest yet encouraging tone is conspicuous, and makes itself felt in almost every line. He rarely introduces or pictures the darker side of life to us; but for the shams and idle pretensions of the world he certainly has no mercy, and he holds them up to ridicule and scorn in words of reproach and condemnation that continue to echo through our memory long after they have been listened to or read. On the other hand, however, and as may readily be surmised, his veneration for all that is noble and pure and sincere in life is equally intense, and asserts itself at all times. That he loves his fellowman,

no one can doubt after once reading his writings; but for the honest, liberal, broad-minded Christian man he has an especial regard, and he extends the hand of fellowship and good will to him on every possible occasion. He looks upon the poet's office as high and noble, even godlike; and the reader cannot fail to be pleased with his noble tribute to this high priest of nature, in "The Poet," where the imagination is luxuriant, the diction clear and expressive, and the thought magnificent yet chaste and delicate.

Mr. Ross has been a pretty keen observer in society, and our readers may rest assured that Henry Ward Beecher gave him great theme for contemplation. When this extraordinary genius passed away, the strange stagnation and adverse currents of opinion that followed in his wake were ably reflected in a most brilliant poem by the author. The ire of the narrow theologians was aroused; the commendation of the Broad Christian Church was noble and outspoken; and in the lull—

While some grow vengeful, waiting for a chance
To kiss Pelagius, and kick Augustine,
Others, conversely, chose more beaten paths,
That lead, they swear, from Paul's theology.
And so religious valor is at ebb,

And thought is squeamish from the want of fire,
And Zeal is purblind from the lack of faith,
And vile Suspicion gnaws one to the bone;
And teachers, prisoned in the iron bands
Of narrow dogma, lie down in the mire,
Nor will they shake themselves till once they hear
A shout from Plymouth, that will make them turn
Their lazy selves—may it come speedily.

Both in Canada and the United States, Mr. Ross has been an extensive traveler, and he could not fail to be interested in the question of ventilation as a sanitary precaution in our dwelling-houses and workshops. In the pulpit and the press he has spoken on this theme to good advantage. In the striking and picturesque poem "Gaza" (well styled from Samson's prison house), the reader can see the workmen, notice the filth in every direction, and hear the outbursts of infamy that accompany them. And this of a workshop in New York. Thank Heaven, things are mending by degrees, and God's pure air is more and more allowed to permeate our dwellings and shops every year.

"Life" is a most exquisite piece of reading. It is a poem of over a thousand lines in long iambics, and exhibits a thousand beauties. Here we find a large pasture ground, forcing upon our attention,

from the monad to the stellar spheres, theme upon theme for illustration. "The Heavens," "Sleep," "The Rain," "The Snow," "Flowers," etc., are crystallized throughout in the highest flights of sacred and impassioned language. Morals, beauty, character, are here. Is this not beautiful ?

Here, veiled in innocence, comes one,
Resplendent, radiant, like the sun.
Go where we may, do what we will,
Her sweetness shines upon us still.
HOPE still holds queenship in the soul,
Still wields her sceptre of control—
A remnant of the happy time
Our parents passed in Eden's prime.

In the writer's opinion, "Theodemia, a glimpse of the Divine Academy," is his masterpiece. This is a remarkable poem in many respects; strong, impulsive and full of genuine poetic power. It is exceedingly rich in valuable and beautifully expressed thoughts and similes; the tone is highly moral and elevating, and there is an abundance of what, at first, seems peculiar, but which proves to be good and sound philosophical argument. The author states that "the object of the poem is to pay grateful homage to useful minds, and to point out various avenues where we may be led to improve more

rapidly in the midst of so many advantages in this school of the world." It is impossible to properly analyze or even to give a synopsis of the poem here, so numerous and profound are the themes which it embraces and discourses on, but we quote a few extracts from which the reader no doubt will be enabled to form a general idea of its meritorious character:

To maintain

That we can make no progress in the line
 Of spiritual knowledge would be libellous
 Upon ourselves as minds; our ethics stand
 On footing where all innate truths agree
 With revelation, as with nature also.
 These innate springs exist—a wondrous proof
 That power, subjective, personal, apart
 From matter, acts infusing energy.
 Here Hume and Locke—philosophers diverse
 On Christian planes—are staggered, and declare
 That knowledge must first pass the ordinary senses
 Ere the will show its bias and demeanor;
 That these are warders of the human mind,
 Or keys to all our world of acquisition—
 A fallacy that keener knowledge pushed
 Right to the wall as worthless and unsound.

* * * *

Nor hesitate to study well the plans
 Of teachers, pure, illustrious in their lives,
 As Pestalozzi or as Arnold—men
 Who swept the depths of nature to enrich

The dawning genius of the younger mind.
But for inquiring men who must be answered,
Pierce everywhere for knowledge—nor be checked,
And make earth's friction your Bucephalus.
Grandest of records of the eloquent past
Is the great book of Job—this read and think.
Whether in fact or symbol, here is truth.
Here is the richest living without surfeit;
Here is abundance and a bracing harvest;
Here Providence, freewill, necessity,
Speak for a hearing; here the mark of law
Is shown as in the whisperings of the wind.
Here the demoniac wrong, the god-like truth
Face without friction; here the blackest night
The brightest day look to one sovereignty.
Poet and prophet, sage and seer combined,
Job stands within a hallowed vestibule
Betwixt the earth and heaven—and sees them both;
But in the garniture of primal truths
He will see things—nor thoughtlessly lets slip
One word for human nature—how he showed it:
“I will complain in the bitterness of my soul.”
But rising to a loftier cadence sings,
“God tries us that we may come forth as gold.”

Take the following picture from the same poem:

Jealousy is a low, insatiate fiend,
And an infernal one. We have watched men,
Spotted by this vile wretch at every turn,
And the more Jealousy spattered them with sin,
The readier grew they to be men of honor.
O reader, there are simpletons who say
God makes no use of evil. We have seen
The lusty blacksmith working at his forge;

The cooper at his bench; the printer, too,
Setting the type as if to save his soul—
Stop suddenly as if some thundering voice
Claimed their attention, and would have it too.
And as they listened, and by slow degrees
Felt the prophetic import that lay there,
They set themselves as students to their work—
Then suddenly swooped upon them foul-mouthed
Slander,
Envy and inuendo hedged them round,
While Falsehood and the whole ubiquitous crowd
Of hell-born villainies pelted them with stones,
To quiet them forever; and the more
The enemy forced the battle the better for them.
And so with other evils—they are here.
It is not manly, therefore, for the crowd
To censure Providence for placing man
In midst of such a fire—the curse remains,
And man must shun it as a withering curse,
Yet that does not necessitate its fall
To pure negation—it is used as a rod
To spur men to their duty—aye, to lash
Till the very blood, and sweat, and scalding tears
Perfect the soul for heaven. It is God's plan.
It always was His plan as far as we know.
Age after age—the Jew, Egyptian, Greek,
The bond, the free, all peoples of the earth,
Meet brotherhood here.

On Chastity:

There is no language in the heart of man
O Chastity, that may thy grace express,
Or picture the repose that stamps thy brow;
For thou look'st heavenward always, and thy mien

Radiant with beauty and with sacredness,
Showers rich effulgence on the favored few
Who near thy portals.

In the higher fields of metaphysical speculation, our author stands on the threshold of the temple, yet peers far within. He does not hesitate to say that in our generalizations we are apt to lose sight of the innate, and materialism is constantly on the increase. We must go back to first principles, and rest on indubitable faith. The mighty crowds around us are endowed with the divine attribute of hope; but the lack of unity in our metaphysical systems unfits the leaders to be of great service in the higher work of civilization, and many reading minds are wandering about without compass or rudder.

"The Life Victorious," in double rhyme quatrains (which the author says rather handicapped him), extends over two thousand lines, and embraces the large field of being, purpose, duty, etc. The sages of history are called upon in illustration. Our intuitions, he says, are but celestial fires hidden in the mind, but which manifest an occasional super-radiance through environment and education. Here his thought is occasionally transcendental, but always sententious and interesting. He has a message, and delivers it briefly and to the point.

“Cygnus” is a fine concise piece of reasoning on the stability of the universe, and immortality of the soul. The author states that the reading of Bryant’s “Thanatopsis” urged him to the undertaking. Order and purpose in the universe he lays down as basal grounds. This poem with “Duty” we take to be some of his best work. “Duty” indeed is a masterpiece, and will bear extensive and close reading. We are called to answer the question, why we are here. The tone is cheerful as he proceeds, and we feel as we go onward that we are nearing sacred ground.

“The Illustrious Dutchman” is a poem of much merit, and well entitled to the appellation of an epic. In a brief space Mr. Ross has not failed to specify where William, Prince of Orange, has thrown much weight on the side of a sound, broad world civilization. We speak of the golden age of Queen Anne; but the British people mapped out the path for such prosperity in the reign of her predecessor. Few of us to-day are aware of the Herculean labors that lay in the route of this hero, the pennants of whose vessels on leaving the Hague bore in embryo, not the oft quoted saying, but “The Christian religion and the liberties of the world.” The “Tercentenary” also possesses a charm, breathing the pure air of liberty throughout.

Neither in the field of keen satire and grim humor is Mr. Ross defective. He has shown this in "A Planetary Visit,"—over a thousand lines in trochaic verse. This piece of pleasantry is constantly bubbling over with caprices of a weird and versatile genius. Arcturus, a stranger from some stellar domain, pays a visit to earth, and what with his flights from city to city, his visit to the churches, to the brokers, politicians, the nondescript Tammany, and what not, the reader's enthusiasm is kept up to the highest pitch.

Among Mr. Ross's poems which we have read with sincere pleasure are "The Prophecy," "Strength with Age," "John Knox," "Martin Luther," "Freedom's Gift to the World," "The Scotch-Irish Family," "The Coming World Struggle," "Robert Burns," etc. His patriotic music is firm and vigorous, his love of freedom is intense; as witness his "Freedom," to the tune of "Scots wha hae," "America's Redemption," which has a large sale in the United States, and which forms a characteristic feature of his writings.

Let us go with our author into the inner temple, and learn something of the sacredness of his life. Failing health a few years ago urged him to travel. He says:

Earth gave to me its share of bliss and bale,
But when I analyzed this thing called Sin,
And its dire progeny, I cried for shame,
And left the lap of woe for joy's embrace.

He seeks in a healthy altruism, and in the pathway of Christian heroism, gentleness and resignation an antidote for every ill. How well he touches upon this in the lines "Ecce Vita," "Ego," "Patience," and "God," one of the best sonnets of its kind:

GOD.

God and his Record—truths enough for me
To ponder faithfully while dwelling here.
Some fence themselves with creeds, and live in fear,
Like children out upon an angry sea.
Who speaks within and opens there a feast
Of daintiest things—He is my Lord and Guest.
Let Him be great, and let me be the least.
He made me of the dust, but, with a zest
Supremely wise, He breathed upon the clay,
And lo, I live! And thus whene'er His hand
Knocks at the palace door my heart is gay,
Robed in a splendor earth cannot command.
For all His words are galaxies of grace,
And Christ, enthroned within, makes glad the holy
place.

The Rev. Archibald Ross is a well known laborer in the Methodist Church organization, and will long be honored for his labors in the renovation of the Middle Village, L. I., M. E. Church. (It may be

said here, that Francis Asbury started the first Long Island M. E. Society in this place.) He has also been an extensive contributor to the Canadian and United States press. In 1888 his "History of the Brooklyn Sunday Schools" appeared in the *Standard-Union*, and was read with much interest. His "Sketches of a Life," in 1890, came out in the *Newtown, L. I., Register*, and won much attention from the somewhat unique personality represented in the series. These were followed shortly after in the same paper by a racy group of chapters, "Walks and Talks with the People," which caused, from the author's readily falling into repartee, not a little laughter, and reflected well the witty side of a minister's life.

Perhaps no living man has greater faith in the recuperative powers of walking as the best physical exercise. His efforts in this line, eleven years ago, after a severe illness, were in direct antagonism to the advice of his physician, yet he came out a great victor. In his "Walks and Talks" he details this experience with a vivacity that puzzles yet delights the reader. The poems "Fifty-four," "Strength with Age," "Introspection," "This World is a Heaven," and various others, touch so strongly on the capacities of energy and will, that they are sure to captivate the reader.

His system of ethics is progressive. He is optimistic throughout. He admits that growth is a fundamental principle of mind—that we are fashioned by Divine hand as free agents; and when we realize this in its highest perfection, we arrive at the acme of life. We must from the very nature of our being, advance. This advance is based on deep spiritual insight, quickened and awakened by observation. He insists on thorough education. The grandest amphitheatre, he maintains, for the growth of man, is our great public school system. Science, art and genius possess a divine religious essence which in healthy channels will kill superstition, and shame people into honest methods of action. The opening century will afford the highest proof of this, when the gloss and fraud of spiritualism will be removed, and man will find himself engineering his forces in the air, as he now does on the earth and seas.

Mr. Ross was born at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, in 1835, and was the ninth child of a family of eleven children. “I came,” he says, “of a hardy Scotch stock. On my father’s side, his people were farmers, and lived in Ross-shire, Scotland. I know but little of my mother’s lineage: she was a MacGregor

of Argyle, who always revered the pine as an emblem of her fealty, and carried about a large share of family pride in consequence. One of her grand-uncles fell at Prestonpans fighting for the Scottish Pretender, and another with Wolfe at the conquest of Quebec." After receiving a common school education, Mr. Ross was apprenticed in his thirteenth year to a printer in Montreal, but some years later he took a course of theology in Queen's College, Kingston, Canada, and labored successfully both in the pulpit and the press prior to his arrival in Brooklyn in 1876. He was married in 1856 to Miss E. A. Tempany of London, England, a lady of pleasing address and much intelligence (see dedication). Three children are all that remain out of seven. Jessie Elizabeth, the eldest, well fitted from excellent balance of temperament to do well in the line she has chosen, conducts a private school in Brooklyn. Archibald is engaged with prospects of good success in various lines of music; while Frederick Edward, the youngest, full of promise and possessed of some insight as to the arcana of poetic philosophy, is now carrying on, in St. Cloud, Minnesota, successful work in the Methodist ministry.

PROEM.

THAT wondrous sunshine of the soul
That speaks of God in man,—
How can we best this truth unroll,
And view the precious plan?
Is it not true that at the door
Stands Duty, clothed with joy?
With such abundance in her store
That time can ne'er destroy.

No sweeter face adorns life's page
Than Duty, clear and plain.
Yet myriads through their pilgrimage
Would rather flirt with pain.
Howe'er it be, the verdict stands
That Love is Duty's nurse,
And Love speeds forth from God's own hands
Gifts for the universe.

The richest hearts that throng our streets
Are those where honor dwells.
Their noblest life-blood daily beats
From truth's unfathomed wells.
Nor circumstance nor place shall harm
Whene'er they do the right.
Though oft the conflict may be warm,
And long and sore the night.

Look well within—deep in thy heart
God's sacred purpose shines.
Let not thy cares obscure the chart
Marked out by His designs.

Seek with an honest eye for truth,
 For honesty brings rest.
 Years then will never wither youth,
 But keep us strong and blest.

O fellow traveler on the road,
 Stand fast for life's defense!
 Endowered with gifts for thine abode,
 Live thou by common sense.
 Thy mighty will-power is a mine
 Richer than man may tell,
 And thou canst make it heaven—divine,
 Or make it veriest hell.

And why? Because the noblest gift
 God ever gave to man,
 He gave to thee in powers that lift
 The soul for Duty's plan.
 Imagination, love and hope,
 Faith, patience, reason, skill,—
 All blend in one kaleidoscope
 The marvels of the will.

Then aim at once for Duty's call,
 Nor fret about the rest.
 She daily gives thee festival,
 And gives thee of the best.
 She tunes the keynote of the soul
 To make man fit his day,
 And while her presence we extol,
 Thrice blessed be her stay!

POEMS.

DUTY.

HAST thou a mission, or a word for man,
To cheer him in his noble, arduous task ?
Then speak it in its fullness: do not stand
And harass by thy languor. As a seed,
Truth finds a full fruition, when the winds
And waters of a sovereign will play round,
And give it body like a running stream.
Think well and manly, therefore—but to speak
Be sometimes reticent: months may roll on,
Or years, before thy thoughts burst into flame,
To rouse endeavor—stir the sluggish throng
To glowing fervor, or revive the weak.
How many chase death who have listened long
And wearily for one brief antiphon
To pass thy lips, and brighten up their way!
Life seeks a parentage, and human minds
Should have the vista opened, that the sight
May peer with clearness to the fountain head,
And, through reality and recompense,
Rest on the basis of eternal rule.

To speak of truth in justice, we must speak
Of realms of feeling and intelligence,
Respectful of the reason of the thing,
With deference to surroundings, from a cast
Not general in its aspect, but yet seen
And plainly known by esoteric laws.
Deep themes require deep thinkers, like large seas
Where only seamen of great skill may plow
The waves with pleasure as with triumph also.
For eager crowds are waiting at the door.
Art thou a teacher? Answer if thou canst
Their questionings. Our bilious age needs men—
Not pulish folk, tickling the ear with straws,
Nor those from cushions of opinion, soft
As silk; nor those so feeble, they forget
They wield a purpose; nor the virile throng
Who always furbish up, to batter down,
If it be possible, the rugged walls
That keep men in the realm of character.

For look at man—those crowds that brush us by
In city life, like some strange tournament;
Look at those pensive eyes—that iron brow—
That brazen furrow—that intensive seal
Upon the lips—that endless stream of tears
Speaking a language: there is appetite;

There rages thirst, like some leviathan's,
Out of his element. What want they all ?
What are those sighs and yearnings, but a thirst
For God and rest—for beauty, heaven and home ?
All men have some like qualities; they speak
A single language though in varied frame.
And they all show allegiance to some king,
To God or antigod. They know their stay
Terrestrial binds them to a throne, and then
They walk as if within their cunning hand
They carry years and wisdom. What they need
Is will, and consciousness of rectitude
That prompts volition—purpose to declare
And act a life of duty—vehemence
To push the positive right to the goal.

So go and view the crowd, remembering
Thy path is upward. Were not Socrates,
Spinoza and Lord Bacon men thrice armed
For wide advance in knowledge ? So to them
Pay thou obeisance—but aim farther, higher.
Seek not their level—there is consonance
In word and mission with the gifted past.
Life has its stairs, with giant steps afore
Like towering Andes; view the apex then,
Nor halt till thou stand'st on it. Most take aim

So low, that children, slim in precedent,
Grow weak, exhausted, ere the day grows warm,
And fall like feeble wax dolls near the fire.

Not he who writes or speaks, or flourishes
Tropes and enigmas, then, but he who thinks,
And makes men think—he is the noblest man
To nourish men. But where may such be schooled ?
Some men embrace the sore and torturing thought
That life is not worth living—that the hue
And make of our existence has no aim
But that of blind fatuity—and, worse
Than all, that man is but a wreck whose thought
Can not be trusted for the place he fills.
So life runs daily on. Some dig for gold,
Eat it, and die; some potter after fame,
And lie like devils to secure it; some
Court sharp duplicity, to find a pot
Of manna hidden there—O bitter food !
All pursuivants of fortune, on the march—
All waiting revelations—not in vain.

But aim thou for sincerity of soul,
And preach no doctrine but what duty prompts.
Why shouldst thou ? why be shamed by the fond dog
That instinct, if thou wilt, yet sound good sense
Determines in the lessening of thy cares ?

There is a sacred brotherhood on earth,
Known and acknowledged by the noble few—
The poet, the philosopher, the saint—
These are the seers of Nature: they can hear
Swelling in holiest anthem songs of praise,
And view the texture of created life.
And thou art called to hold high place with them.
Then in thy Master's service be at home—
Thyself—none else: here in thy robe of flesh.
This is thy temple surely—this grand frame,
Plastic and mobile with elastic powers,
So girdled with the bands of will, so warm
And glowing with resplendence, so enshrined
In curves of beauty, and the lines of grace,
A house for angels fit: keep it then clean,
Well swept and garnished: let no foul desire,
No craving lust, no sordid appetite,
Besiege the walls, nor enter through the streets
And avenues, nor in the myriad paths
Or hidden chambers, where the Mysteries meet,
And send their coursers throbbing to the brain.

O wondrous tabernacle of the soul !
Fashioned by Wisdom, moulded on a germ
That, starting, stainless, from celestial hand,
Touched soil on earth, and grew a human flower

For God's own garden. Aim then to be pure.
Exalted spirit thou that dwell'st therein.
Look up, look inward, at the opening dawn,
Where boundless landscapes meet unfathomed deeps,
Where awe and beauty sweep the eternal sphere—
Related all to thee through Infinite skill—
And mark the grandeur of thy destiny
In holding converse with thy parent—God.

TRUE LABOR.

LET us labor while 'tis day.
Honest labor 's sure to pay.
Sweeping streets or 'mending shoes,
Writing pamphlets, if you choose.
Selling papers, setting type,
Gathering in the good and ripe.
Look around you on the way,
Honest labor 's sure to pay.

Ever where you find a man
Working at some thorough plan,
There you also find the spring

That gives balance to his wing.
Temperance, discretion, zeal
Form his moral commonweal,
And the mysteries of life
Never vex him in the strife.
Such a man adorns his day,
Honest labor 's sure to pay.

CYGNUS.

As prelude to a matter which concerns
Earth's anxious children, I have often gazed,
As sojourner within a foreign land,
With something of a sacred reverence,
Upon the Cross, a zone of light, not far
From brilliant Lyra in the northern sky.
And I have loved it, as it wove a charm
Within my memory with a riper joy,
That throws a sovereign lustre o'er the earth.
Oft as I look, the calm and chastened thought
Will fill my vision: these may be the homes—
Some of the mansions of the Master's house,
As He with His disciples walked, and taught
Of heaven and home in dear Jerusalem.

As autumn steals apace, there from a sea
Of spangled pearls, looks down the hallow'd Cross,
And I associate, in my simple way,
The cross of glory and that path of stars,
And question whether we could better act
Than turn a leaf from Nature's book just here,
And speak about our future and its joy.

At times, as travelers far away from home,
We find ourselves so isolate, that thoughts
Of stately grandeur love to steal within—
A kind of glamor hovers in the air,
A sense of coming rest, but better still,
Of resurrection to a higher life,
And to a nobler name. 'Twould be unwise
Not to look, therefore, in the galleries
Of infinite variety and change,
Seeking elysian scenes, where we may think
With fuller manhood of the destiny
Of this strange life in essence, and become
More expert in the lessons that the wise
Love for the sake of wisdom,—who oft speak
In symbolisms that conceal grand truths,
As thought is yet but in its alphabet,
As law takes color from environment,
And ordinary sense is circumscribed

To rest well satisfied with things revealed
In physical aspect; while the doubting world
Has fostered for two hundred years or more
A vague material without a Mind—
That even doctors of the church, inured
To such a contemplation, lose the vein
Of honest thinking, and are slow to trace
Things in their properties and sequences.

For I have no regard for venal minds,
Those automaths of evil, hatching sin,
Like lewd, debasing demagogues, whose eyes
Are ever after vileness—looking low,
And crowding on us with their trumpery,
To kill or make obscure the sweetest light
That ever fell to cheer us on our way—
Immortal life—no truth more full of fact,
Of bright realization—none more clear;
None more expressive in suggestion; none
More weighted round with bristling arguments.
Philosophy, deep culture and research
Must surely penetrate within the veil
Of this relation on its human side—
And so they do. What, with the gifts of sense,
And consciousness arising in the soul,
Like beacon in the desert—what the grasp

Of intuition—what the principles
Of moral judgment? Are they not the keys
That open doors to grander, higher things,
That lead to the Eternal? The strong mind
May surely realize it, more than babes
Can their paternal safety, from the fact
That reason is no fiction: while the wings
Of fancy hover round the child to charm
The sense, the wise and rational mind,
In corresponding ratio with research
And years, knows more a thousand times
Than infancy, and therefore is more safe
In heeding the suggestions that arise
Thro' sure and earnest questioning. Deep minds
Can safely peer through labyrinths, and step
From premise to conclusion in the light
That genius yields and faith accompanies.
And thus man, if he will, may go well armed
To fight for highest truths that never die;
That show themselves, if we be not blind fools,
In infinite surroundings—truths that would,
If rightly comprehended, fill all lands
With choicest Christian blessings in a year.

And to be honest, plain affinity
Dwells with things most incongruous; for the plan

And technic of all sciences to-day
Reveal complexities in nature, such
As would have vaped Aristotle's brain,
And made even Leibnitz stagger. And to meet
This feverish pressure, seers and thoughtful ones
Are seeking some solution that may step
In concert with advancement, as a guide
And counselor; in other words, to act
In harmony with Nature's plan throughout.
We argue thus, and fairly, that the course
Of things inherently contains some proofs
Of clear progression, that the upward line
Finds fitness from the cultus of our thought,
The cast of our existence. Some will snarl
And cavil at such utterance: but the light
Rewarding years of slow and patient toil
Falls in eclipse on such presumptuous souls,
Who trick and counterfeit, and underlaugh
At their dissembling: nor do they discern
That such stark folly overturns itself.

Is there relation therefore binding us
With dist'nt spheres? what say the scholiasts here?
Will all their points of logic now avail?
Look at this beauteous earth while with her peers
And parent sun she grandly treads the skies;

See nicest order, all we could desire.
Such order points perfection; this in turn
Shows permanence and safety; these show law,
A law which argues love and providence.
'Tis well then to remember that we live
Within a widening circle. See our halls
Of learning: what their object, aim,
Without respect for those first principles
Which, deeply planted in the inner life,
Speak clearly immortality in man?

But who may tread this sacred road, or speak
On such a theme? Can Reason ever rise
To God? Can we find more than twilight glow,
Or even that, regarding future life?
Here all our ethics centre; here our hope
Finds its fulfilment, and the mystery
Of pain grows lustral in the joyous ray.
At best but children in a school, our themes
And theses, budding ever new conceits,
Keep us so fretful that we cannot grasp
At things invisible; superior laws
Of thought have place in nature's wide domain,
And sweep our human prescience out of sight,
And so we watch and parley, weep and pray.
And yet here, while our sense courts neighborhood

To our advantage, it were best to bow
Respectfully to nature, as her lines
Meet correlation with diviner things.
Strange intuitions also haunt the soul,
Apart from human sense—a welcome breath
Of resurrection, where the prudent life
And joy and beauty ring out new refrains.

The great and golden argument is this,
That life is universal, that its laws
Are not dependent on material state,
Which is but one condition of its growth.
And this development meets fitness now
In sacredness and virtue, self-denial,
Where good prepond'rates and gains new ground
And where Love's incarnation sees the plan
In full progression. Truths self-evident
Are best proofs of existence; and the keen
And shrewd acumen of the noblest schools
Bows to such data. Take thou then this fact
That intuition bids thee to believe
That thou wilt live forever, and the beam
Of hope that rises in the pleasing thought
Is God's own witness for its truthfulness.
Go to the Record—read, and read again,
And, bubbling like a fountain from the rock

Of many waters, thou wilt daily find
Such cumulative stores of evidence
Of man's immortal prestige, as will make
Thy mission more rejoicing and more blest.

Of resurrection—represented well
In all phenomena, what is there known ?
We preach it and proclaim it, yet evade
Abundant evidence of a proximate kind,
In insect, seed and flower, in sign and growth
Of character, in change of season. Death
Clings fast to vice, but resurrection blooms
In virtue's efforts to adorn the soul—
So representative of nature's modes,
But yet so hidden in its lofty truths,
That selfish civilizations, prone to view
Things in objective aspect, rarely rise
To the essential grace and symmetry
Of truth, in which the ancient watchful seers
Oft shame us in their apt expenditure.

The child of faith stands cloth'd in righteo'sness
On firm foundation, and his footing there
Gives safety while his telescope he plies
In all directions o'er his Father's house.
But thou, poor sciolist, what dost thou know
Without this safety for thy standing ground?

Ah, Reason, as a heaven-born instinct, none
Can bar thee out, nor snatch thee from the throne
Thou rightfully possessest: but be wise,
And take Faith with thee as a counselor,
For she speaks with her Maker, and bows down,
Leaning upon the Saviour, who still walks
The area of His kingdom, and now speaks
As when He showed His love on Calvary.
And He gave evidence of widest scope
For this rejuvenescence, while He stayed,
And talked with man. Was not that wondrous speech
From Olivet—be pure in heart, be just,
Be merciful—the very quickening seed
Of higher resurrection?—telling us
That to love virtue is to fit the soul
For better mansions in a higher life.

And so in passing o'er this spot of earth,
I would not have thee feel disconsolate,
Or pained about the future. This charmed life
Is not a dream to perish in the mould,
But a gradation to a higher plane
Than we can fathom now, and where the chain
Links antecedents on the base of law,
And the advantage gained is not dissolved
In crooked fears, but where the aftermath

From our brief sojourning meets no alloy,
But yields a sweetening aftershine of peace.
Vice shows her visor here without a shame,
And ferrets out, in byways and retreats,
New victims, but she dies; while holy Truth
And sacred Virtue roam the universe,
There course unending. And the years that pass
Bear on their visage grandest evidence,
Through suns and constellations, and the wealth
Of things invisible—that honored man
Is but a step from other busy worlds,
Where he with better grace may act his part,
With knowledge of his transfer and his lot.

GATHERING OF THE SCOTTISH CLANS.

To my esteemed friend, JOHN D. ROSS, LL. D.

FAIR Scotland, thou land of the brave !

Thou hast given thy best trophies to Time,
And blazoned them forth where their prestige might
save

Newborn nations from bondage and crime.

Come, Scotsmen, rejoice then to-day !

Come, ye clansmen, of vigor and brain !

Come, Highlander, Lowlander, all in array !

We have honor and peace to maintain.

CHORUS.

In gladness and triumph we gather to-day,

Our ties of regard shall not sever.

We have wandered afar, yet one is our way,

And our song shall be Scotland forever.

Famed Scotland of Wallace and Bruce !

Heroes swift for thy freedom and right.

When Leslie, Buchanan and Malcolm sang truce,

Then thy genius shone well in the light.

Come, Campbell and Cameron, come !

Welcome, Murray, MacDonald, MacLeod !

Sing, Sutherland, Gordon and Graham, of the home

That your valor has nobly endowed.

MacKenzie, MacDuff and Munro,

With the Douglas, rejoice in our prime,

Fraser, MacIntosh, Ogilvie, Drummond, still glow

With the blessings of peace in each clime.

Rose, Forbes, Ross, MacPherson and Grant,

You have wrought for the good of our race.

What Ferguson, Brodie, MacNeil adamant,

What MacKay, MacPhail, Davidson grace !

Hail, Erskine, opposer of wrong!

Brave MacDougall, MacGregor, MacLean!

Scott, Logan, MacAulay, whose letters and song

Are still coursing o'er mountain and main.

MacFarlane, MacNaughton, unite

With stern Stewart, MacAlpine and Kerr.

MacLeay, Chisholm, Robertson, stand for the right

In dethroning the demons of war.

Ho! Johnston, Dundas and Colquhoun!

Stout MacGillivray, Gunn, MacIntail.

MacInnes, MacKinlay and Sinclair keep tune

With the Lindsays of mount and of vale.

Bold Cumin, MacMillan, MacQueen,

Lamond, Mathewson, Menzies appear!

MacNab and MacArthur, MacAllister, Skene,

Raise the old Caledonian cheer!

Still Elliott and Urquhart aspire

With MacKinnon, MacLachlan, MacRae;

Still Farquharson, Maxwell and brave MacIntyre,

With MacBean and MacBeth, cheer our way.

Awake, O ye Scotsmen, awake!

Sound your pibroch—be valiant and strong.

Rejoice in the light, and for liberty's sake

Open wide the rich portals of song!

ROBERT BURNS.

CENTENNIAL.

THIS centenary year—with song
And sunshine for the human heart—
Tells how the multitude grow strong
By marrying music, mirth and art.

We love the name of Robert Burns,
Because the songs he sang to men
Awake the soul to higher earns,
And give the eye a larger ken.

True to his art, as true as steel,
He placed his gift in plastic form.
He touched the chord that makes man feel,
And took the hurrying world by storm.

Within his ardent, short-lived prime
No riches opened to his view,
Yet love gave out a wealth sublime
More famed than warrior ever knew.

In Burns we learn the truth that life
Has that within which never dies.
His joysome muse calls men from strife
To hear the strains of paradise.

The simple words of "Auld Lang Syne "

Have led men near the Nazarene,
Have opened chambers deep, divine,
Where life dwells sacred, chaste, serene.

And if in "Holy Willie's Prayer "

Burns scourged the wily pharisee,
In "Tam o' Shanter " all may share
His wit and genial gaiety.

His grace, his touch, soft as the rose,
Like "Highland Mary," long remain.

"A man's a man for a' that " shows
His compass, genius, grit and brain.

Life is the grandest gift to man,
Clothed with rich faculties of sense.
And Burns peered far within to scan
This acme of God's eloquence.

He well attuned the Scottish heart
With "Aberfeldy's " classic fire;
And in the mellowness of art
Played "Afton Water " on his lyre.

There's "Halloween," "A Winter Night,"
"The Mountain Daisy," "Duncan Gray,"
"The Twa Dogs " reasoning—all are bright,
With "Unco Guid"—good in their way.

'Tis not in wisdom to condemn

What nature has so wisely given.

Burns knew that joy—life's diadem—

Was oft denied the child of Heaven.

He knew that wealth in evil hands

Was set to base, ignoble use.

He knew the ingrate sought command

To wield the sceptre of abuse.

He knew that labor felt the rod,

That "Man was Made to Mourn" by Wrong;

And saw the day was near when God

Would with our labor give us song.

No, let no living man repel

The scope that Nature gave her child.

Go hear his cry in "Handsome Nell"

For beauty, love, sweet, undefiled.

Go, hear him speak the sacred theme—

The "Cottar's Night" of joy and praise,

Where weary Labor hails the gleam

Of honest faith to cheer his days.

Statues and temples point the power

His songs hold o'er the human mind,

The patriot gladly hails the hour

When "Scots wha hae" soars on the wind.

All o'er the earth in titled halls,
And humble homes, men speak his fame.
All o'er the earth the songster calls
To swell the triumphs of his name.

The church, the forum and the school,
Diverse in method, purpose, plan,
Pay compliment for what of rule
They find within this gifted man.

All touch the mantle of the seer,
And in his genius find relief.
The world at length grows less austere,
As wit and wisdom turn the leaf.

While Nature seeks to charm the heart,
And calls on mirth and song for cheer,
His verse shall claim ennobling part,
And keep his memory ever dear.

WINTER ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

PROUD Winter, beauteous is the glow
Of grandeur in thy realm of snow!
Oft have we gazed in wonder wild
On broad St. Lawrence as he smiled,
Wrapped in his robe of summer grace;
But O, the terror of his face
When clothed in tempests! and the skies
Of polar frost would dare surprise
And threaten to confine his form,
He grasped as playthings in the storm
Mountains of ice upon his breast,
That, sailing seaward, soon addressed
Their passion in those vengeful blows
That, Titan-like, would reel his foes
And drive them back upon the land.
Then raging Boreas swept the strand;
Nor' and nor'-easter all aglow
Would bring their bannerets of snow
And lay them down with stubborn care,
And the wild waters, conquered there
Yielded to Arctos, and the frost
In ever-varying shapes engrossed

High on his bosom gelid halls,
And marvellous pinnacles and walls,
That kept good fortress winter long,
Then vanished like a summer song.

THE SCOTCH-IRISH FAMILY.

THEY came from Antrim's rugged heights,
The fields of fair Tyrone;
Where famed Armagh of plenty writes,
And Down still holds her own;
From Enniskillen, whose rich soil
Reared men without a fear,
And Londonderry and Lough Foyle,
Where victory points the year.

From Donegal, far to the main,
Where Cavan's bounties flow;
From Monaghan, whose men of brain
Make labor's budget glow.
Resolved, with help of heart and hand
To save their homes from wrong,
Their story gladdens every land,
And wakes the soul to song.

Fair Pennsylvania's wide domain
Gave room for them to toil.
Uprose the factory, school and fane,
What laughter swept the soil!
Deep in the bosom of the earth
The treasures of the sun
For them blazed into second birth,
And a new world was won.

Ohio welcomed their advance
As men of iron mold;
They steeled the homes of Alamance*
With patriot hearts of gold.
Kentucky writes with fervent pride
Their heroes on her page;
And bright New England has allied
Their glory with her age.

Iowa quickened into worth
Through their intrinsic dower;
When Georgia sought a stalwart birth
Atlanta rang the hour.
Proud Alabama cheers their name,
Refrained by Tennessee;
While California courts their fame
Around her golden sea.

*A County in North Carolina.

Virginia in her greatest needs

Reaped glory in their train;

New Jersey holds their Princeton deeds

As guerdon for our gain.

Ontario feels their magic thrill

To broad Saskatchewan,

And Manitoba shouts with will,

God save the Ulsterman!

In far Australia's mighty realm,

On India's burning sand;

Where arctic frosts assert the helm,

Scotch Ulster shows her hand.

New Zealand welcomes her embrace,

The neighboring isles applaud;

While plague-swept China lifts her face,

And longs to hear of God.

On Afric's dark, malarial soil,

On sacred Palestine,

She consecrates the name of toil,

And stamps it as divine.

And thus she bears to every land

The impress of a will

That molds the age, firm to command,

Yet loves her Derry still.

O Scotland, mother of a race
That bears thy genius down
Through Ulster's name, thine be the grace
To welcome their renown!
For He who stamps their mission great
While up the years they climb,
Deals them the wealth of their estate
For conquest over time.

FIFTY-FOUR.

(SOME OF MY OWN EXPERIENCES.)

“ He maketh my feet like hind's feet.”

THE laws of motion hold a place
In every human form and face;
But, greater far, their mighty tide
Gives grandeur to the soul beside.
And as we strive to know their worth,
The part they play upon the earth,
So will their radiance give us health—
The best, the brightest boon of wealth.

Those feeble, dull, phlegmatic folk,
So used to cavil and to croak,—

Their blood is slow, condensed and chill,
And detrimental to the will.
Their *modus operandi* strides,
Stilted and hampered on all sides,
That life—if it be life to them—
Lacks the first lustre of the gem.

A weak and sickly child, I knew
Few joys to bear my childhood through;
Fever and asthma and decline
Year after year would draw their line
With deadlier grip—that twenty-one
Left me a shadow in the sun,
Hemmed by physicians and their pills,
Their blisters, bergamots and bills.
Once at death's door—"He'll die to-night."
The doctor's undertone gave fright,
And, quickly girding on my coat,
I sallied forth, my thoughts remote
From such a thing; like panting deer
I ran and ran—strange thoughts will veer
In human minds: at length I thought,
"I may die, yes, and I may not;
But I must have God's air, and will
Hold out till He be pleased to kill;
And not those men who often act
As if they had their senses cracked."

Sore lungs, deep pain, and gasping breath
Could not prevent my race from death,
And six miles saw me worn, distressed,
When sleep came on—sleep ever-blessed.
I slept, I waked a happy man,
And found revealed within my plan
An antidote for many an ill
That chases life—the favored pill
I take throughout my busy tour,
Now I am entering fifty-four.

To doctors then I bade farewell,
And acting on the principle
Of seeking temperance in my food
And drink—much exercise is good
Within the purest air—I spent
My life in joyous tournament;
Determined, whether cross or crown
Lay near me, not to be cast down;
Make Cheerfulness a constant guest,
And strive, in having wrongs redressed,
To step right in my neighbor's place,
To grasp the fitness of the case.
You know our Saviour bade us look
This maxim in the sacred Book,
“To every human creature do
As you would have them do to you.”

Strange is the history I narrate:
Day-dawn and day-fall—early, late,
My prophylactic served me well:
Stern exercise proved such a spell
Of pure, invigorating fire,
I felt that I could never tire.
When chill or asthma came in sight,
And threatened to renew the fight,
Deep breathing in the cold, clear air
And vigorous travel soon would stare
Them out of countenance in a time
Far speedier than this sullen rhyme.

Once worn out with my office work
In midst of scenes where there would lurk
Disease with poison in her wing,
Liquor, profanity, the sting
Of low debauchery, the air
Noxious, the windows closed, to spare
The foolish folk from fear God's breath
Might prove the messenger of death:
Where oft one hundred men would toil,
Nor know one blessing in the moil.
But so it was. I went to bed.
'T was nine at night; "I must be fed
With medicine; and, my little wife,
Haste for the doctor, for my life

Seems at its last—

Hold, Bessie, dear!

Take off your hat; my brain is clear.

All that I want is God's fresh air."

So, springing up, pleased, debonair,

I donned my wraps from foot to crown,

The glass ten minus—running down,

With club in hand, I walked, I ran,

No one on earth so pleased a man.

O cold, exhilarating draught!

Inspiring deeply as I quaffed,

Life, energy, reserved and strong,

Quickened my pace and gave me song.

O'er twenty miles, free as the roe,

I frolicked o'er the roads of snow.

At home at two A. M.—"Well, wife,

I ne'er felt better in my life."

Sleep came delicious, and the light

Saw me at work, rejoicing, bright,

For I had wrought a thing or two

That heroism dares to do.

Would'st thou be healthy?—do not shun

Extremes of climate: thy brief sun

Is bound up in these knots of change.

Then when the northern blasts arrange

With tenfold fury to disarm
The fetid damps that yield alarm,
Go thou and welcome without stealth
Those swift-winged messengers of health,
Breathe deeply their ozonic sweets,
All fragrant of celestial meats.

Another instance I may cite,
Where my experience proved a light.
A plutocrat found a rich mine
In our late war, then built a shrine,
With upper tiers for offices
Where he might fatten on the fees;
The underground apartments made
To suit the men of lustier grade,
Where they might toil and waste their life
In this Calcutta hole—more rife
Of fell disease than ever spreads
Where heaven's pure azure bathes our heads.
And there, in March, malodorous things
Suffused the air with deadly stings,
And pinned me sure. I met the light,
Swollen, dropsical and ashy white.
The doctor then I saw at once,
Intruding on his orisons:
“Good sir, your health is far from good;
The heart is weak from little blood.

The ventricles are clogged—your tongue?
My heavens ! your time may not be long.
Your breath is fitful—death may come
In half an hour—how far from home ?”
“ A mile.” “ Don’t go, sir; this March air
Will kill you on the thoroughfare.
My carriage, sir, ’s at your command;
James, brace the horse”—I touched his hand.
“ No thank you, sir; I’m not a fool.
You ’re not acquainted with my rule
Of healing.” Then I paid my fee—
Too much to throw into the sea.
But it was worth some thousands more
To follow Nature, for she bore
Me splendid service. So I took
The recipe like a vile book
And tore it to a thousand shreds;
And as the March gusts gave them beds
In the high ether—in hot haste
I hurried home to whet my taste
On some good dishes—all serene,
Then for a moment viewed the scene;
Bade long adieu to Dives’ den,
And walked that day till I swept ten,
And twelve, and eighteen miles. *I dead!*
No, but I laughed till I grew red

At the presumption of those schools
Who think they 're wise while we are fools.
Off went my ailment, and kind Sleep
Arcadian-like would gently keep
Her eye on me for good eight hours.
Dear Nature, blessèd be thy bowers!
Thank Heaven I've nurs'd some common sense!
That savors much of providence.
Though some may yet deride this act:
My parsonage was once attacked
By social church folk, some four score,
Laden with stores and gold galore;
Who, when the dinner feast was through,
Broached this announcement *entre nous*:
"A horse and carriage we propose
Presenting you—the public knows
Your route is large; we know your skill
In pastoral labors over hill,
Meadow and dale, and these will give
Some varied comforts while you live."
With candid thanks I made reply:
"Dear friends, I thank you for this high
Mark of regard, but I love health,
And must enjoy it; 'tis my wealth.
To make exchange I soon would grow
Lazy and sickly, and the glow

Of life would fade: the exercise
I have adopted it is wise
To follow for my constitution,
And one that breeds just retribution.”
My words pained many an honest friend,
But I came gainer in the end.

 This pliant, soft, elastic frame
Needs fresh activities to tame
And cleanse the textures that impart
Grace to the temple of the heart.
Give then the framework exercise,
And ne’er forget that rich supplies
Of richest blood spring from the air.
Seek for the best, the amplest fare—
Those deep reserves of oxygen
That build an agile race of men.
In six and thirty years my range
Embraced an orchestra of change
Where, equalling six walks round the earth
In morn and eve, the middle girth
Embraced the fields of toil and ease,
Riches of place, and symphonies
Of music; where benevolence
And blessing waited on the sense
Of suffering—and the interludes
Of beauty, where vast multitudes

In peaceful panorama move,
And tread the corridors of love.

If love, and joy's sweet exercise,
And faith and prayer be our emprise;
If, when we seek the power Divine,
We feel some presence, calm, benign,
O'ershadowing us, it were not just
To take these as an idle trust.
Such honors call us to be wise,
And find earth still a paradise.
And I for one am not ashamed
To mention here, though I be blamed :
The pains and ills of earth are sore,
But joy excels a thousand more.
And so, whene'er my call shall come,
And I must meet another home,
Let these words as an anthem roll :
Here dwelt a glad and joyous soul.
In every darkness he saw light;
Night brought no terrors of the night;
For bound, in spite of vagrant sin,
To find the peace that lives within
Love's incarnation, there he stood,
And found that life was doubly good.

At the risk of being considered erratic, I write the above lines as a testimony to the worth of the will power, in breaking the unhealthy trammels of caste which widely tend to a degrading pessimism—and opening up the grandeur and dignity of life.

BEAUTY OF THE LORD.

Ps. 27: 4.

THERE'S a phrase I've often heard,
'Tis "the beauty of the Lord."
And I wondered when a child
At the glory undefiled
Hidden in the magic words,
Sweeter than the song of birds.
But the years crept on apace,
Lighting up my anxious face
With the precious thought made plain,
That God's beauty is my gain.

Do the very best you can.
Honor duty in the man,
And you'll find right at your door
Showers of blessing, yea, and more.
Let each day see you engage
In some good work on the stage.
In your great unselfish aim
You will cheer the sick and lame,
You will scatter thoughts abroad
That will lift some soul to God.
Then when you lie down at night
God's own beauty draws the light,

Rocks you on His infinite breast,
Giving you the grace of rest.

Thus each day life's wondrous field
Sweeter grows with truth revealed—
Love, discretion, charity,
Introspection's noble plea,
Purity in thought and deed,
Temperance in sowing seed,
Fortitude to march along,
Courage to awaken song,
Modesty and grace to steer
When the hours look sad and drear.
Energy to work with will,
Cheerfulness the heart to fill.
Here's the beauty of the Lord,
And the fragrance of His Word.

Truly man can live and say,
I have lived in God to-day.
Now His beauty gives me rest,
And in Him my life is blest.

THE POET.

HE walks with men, and yet he is a king—
A right and royal one, and on his brow
Is stamped the impress of God's coronal.
He bears the aspect of a messenger,
And enters on his work with dignity.
He parleys not, nor wavers, for he knows
The Graces are around him to delight,
While soaring through his field, the universe.
Thus, conscious of his ancient title deeds,
And rich inheritance, he vindicates
Justice and order wisely, nor will swerve
A hairbreadth from the will within his hands.
To him all form and substance play a part
In perfect unison. The azure bound,
Alive with him, rejoices; the bleak earth,
So cold and bare to millions, he transforms
To labyrinths of grandeur, where the walks
Of opal, garnet, and a thousand gems,
Blaze in the lustre of cerulean fires.
The vaporous clouds in his alembic eye
Like huge leviathans plough the serene,
Bearing the fleecy waters, from whose breasts
Drop welcome fatness, while the smiling earth

And jubilant heaven meet and assert their loves
With passion awful in its majesty.
To him the chaste, clear evening sky unfolds
A spangled vesture fit for deity.
He rides earth like a charioteer, observes
Her graceful sailing round the galaxies
Unharm'd and undisturbed. He knoweth well
Disease is but derangement—maladies
But atoms in disorder, where the line
Is broken, and the air is full of death.
He is a priest of nature, wandering through
The alcoves of his garden, and avers
That as a poet he must teach, arouse,
And open out the beauties of his house.
Though the world laugh, his work goes bravely on.
He watches undercurrents, and while men
May think him nerveless, vapid and inane,
He pierces through their being like the spear.

Armed and accoutred at the fountain head,
He comes to earth prepared to speak to men.
The circumambient air, the marvelous light,
The subterranean fires: all hidden things
Declare his active presence; fruits and flowers,
As well as noxious vapors, and the warmth
Of sunshine, or the gloomy depths of night.

The adamantine rocks unloose their bands
Within his presence, while Boötes waits,
With Hercules and all the host of heaven,
To bid him welcome to their distant zones.
He mounts the tempest, flying etherward,
Or, silently, steals in the heart of man;
For he knows human nature; he can play
With infants, or hold converse with the peer
Of schools; he meets with nature's commonest pets,
Buds, leaves and blossoms; the huge oak and elm
To him are distant brothers, carrying on
Some holy ministration. When he sleeps,
His favorite monitor pours in his ear
Rare chords of melody known but to few.
He wakes: the tiniest grasses in the plain
Give solemn lessons for his lecture hour,
While insect matins and the song of birds
Reveal the glories of his paradise.

Who knoweth but the suns of other realms,
Whose beauties sparkle on the breast of Night,
May speak his parentage; for this we see,
His ways are singular, his habits strange,
His soul subdued and pensive, or lit up
With eddies of delight that grave their lines
More deeply than in faces of the crowd,

Pleading as if he knew that our life here
Were but a school, while his intensive speech
And mode of utterance savor of abodes
Mayhap contiguous, if not of this world.

Welcome, thou visitant from other spheres!
Stay with us, teaching us that to be wise
Is our great privilege, our brightest joy.
The earth cries out from villainy and wrong,
And in thy sacred mission souls will rise,
And learn to love their great Original.

RELATION OF GENIUS TO MAN- HOOD.

SOME, finding Genius knocking at their door,
Ask nothing better than the feeblest gear
Of canzonet and ditty, which she keeps
But as the selvage of her holiest work,
And edging of the loom. And when a man,
A God-made genius, snaps it from the web,
And as a new creation fashions it
Grandeur than any palace of the earth,
O how the soldier on the battlefield
Oft drinks its inspiration. Then 'tis well.

Yea, one man in ten million may yield service
In rags and tatters of obsequious tongues,
Yet ninety in a hundred crow the loudest,
As though they were the Shakspeares of the age.
Man wants, and groans and cries, and ever wants
The gross allied to flesh, and shuns the clear
Allied to spirit. Some will nobly fight
Nor give an inch to sin; but greater far
In glory stand they than Napoleon stood,
Bathed in the sunlight of his Austerlitz,
Or famed Marengo. Such beloved John,
And Kempis, and the illustrious hosts of heaven,
Whose names, forever aureoled in love,
Still light the nations from their hallowed fires.
Such brave Antisthenes, who, conquered, stood,
Pleased by the cynic's bold persistency;
Such Napier, when his heart vow to the child
He would not forfeit e'en to dine with kings;
Such Marvell, as he threw the golden bribe
Back to the giver, choosing honesty
As fortune greater far—God's nobleman.

OUR CITY POOR.

Look at the poor in this academy.
God help this embassy of want and toil
That lives within our cities—starved, despised,
Crushed down to lowest wage, prone to endure.
And why? Oft from respect for rectitude.
Their clothes are plain, their manners robust, rude,
Their habits reticent—only their love
Keeps them in action, making social caste
The nobler for their living. Men may sneer,
But all their sneering cannot waive the truth
That these are largely Nature's simple folk
Who eat the bread of soothing honesty,
And they are nearer heaven by many a step
Than those lugubrious pharisees of toll
Who pitter-patter regularly to church
To hide their knavery—who pull the wool
So cunningly over another's eyes,
Yet are so addleheaded that they think
They will escape detection. For God's sake,
Dear, thoughtful reader, be not one of these.
God loves a cheerful giver, and the poor,
When thou art pinched, often go sorely bare
That thou shouldst have some pleasant wherewithal.
Man cannot serve two masters, saith the Word.

Earth looks for men of honor, of clean tongue,
Not palsied by the bribe that bought the fool;
Not cowardly from the promise basely broken,
Not slippery from the practice of deceit,
Nor varnished with the gloss of flattery.
We long to grasp the hand, gaze in the eye,
And compass moral grandeur in our midst—
A wealth that makes earth's poorest children rich,
That clothes the hospitable home with smiles,
Where cheerful spirits reign unnerved by fears,
With bursts of song to make the welkin ring.
They are the rich, and they make others rich,
And from their standing place cast influence
To curb the angry billows of lewd sin.

A REFLECTION.

TO-DAY I stand—while six and thirty years
Pass like a vapor—where I roamed and played
With genial natures full of heart's content,
And think of the old faces I have seen
In church and school and playground—here we walked,
But most have passed before. Nor will I fret
And throw myself in Melancholy's arms.

Change is the life of nature: it is best.
I too must go ere long. The gentle hand
That led me here still lovingly holds mine,
And in its warmth and sunshine I will go
Just where it leads me. Why should I repine?
What billows have swept o'er me! I have walked
In deeps of dread affliction: and to-day
Look up and know that God is very good.
He gives me friends, then takes them to Himself;
He gives a trial, and then compensates
With dainty blessings of a varied kind;
He comes in storm and earthquake filled with love
As when in summer's calm. How greatly blest
Is he who holds communion with his God!
Who daily seeks Him as a welcome Guest.
What grace and cheerfulness should mark his steps!
What sympathies may pierce the surging air
And seize the human soul whene'er he speaks!
Great is the power of love—sublimely great!
And man with his prerogative is crowned
A monarch if he rightly use his office.

SEARCHING FOR FRIENDS.

I HAVE a word for my friends who rejoice in the smile
of the morning;

Who, although they must labor and plod, are not
weary and footsore;

Who, whether it be early or late, carry deep in their
bosom

Blessing, compassion and peace: and when glowing
Affection

Scatters her casket of wares, and some like the waters
of ocean,

Surge round in abundance, so bold and inspiring their
aspect,

Here comes the love of my song, who filagrees all
into beauty.

O when I arise from my couch, and the sweet voice
of Nature

Stirs up my soul to behold her in all her perfection,
Then let the opening of morn, like the flush of its
advent,

Witness the laugh, and the joy, and the holy devotion
That fall on us both as we roam the still meadows
together—

Nature and I; her tread is soft and elastic;
Her person comely and sweet, her eye like the sunrise;
Her arm, majestic in strength, as she lifts me to
heaven,

Or hides me, the nursling of love, in the depths of
her bosom.

Let me tell thee, dear reader, the reason why we
were united

In bonds of the holiest marriage, nevermore to be
broken.

Society offered her charms, and I looked for my
portion;

There, firm in my heart, lay God's mandate awaiting
my action,

Go, be joyful with man, for man is thy brother im-
mortal;

So in youth's eager glory I sought, and in anguish
I sorrowed.

I sought for the joy that was constant, the beauty,
the grace

That thrive in the garden where Patience and Mercy
are seen

Hand in hand in their orbits of duty and peans of song.

O reader, question me not of the soul's strange be-
longings.

We know not—cannot tell—how the evil, the sorrow
of Eden

Has blighted our race in the babe, the adult, and the
veteran.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS DUTCHMAN.

WILLIAM HENRY, PRINCE OF ORANGE.

Look well upon this face—here Providence
Reflects His seal upon the human sense.
Behold! beneath the firm unsullied brow
The man that molded nations in his vow—
One man, one mind, to make his work complete,
Till Tyranny lay dead beneath his feet.

In that sad hour when slavery's baleful chain
Sank on the human heart with foulest stain,
And Britain, racked and mangled by the rod,
Lay helpless in the mire, and looked to God—
On Holland's fertile soil and sea-girt plains,
Where Heaven's proud waters play and man re-
 strains,

There called Jehovah, and the early womb
Gave forth His child to lighten up the gloom:
A second Joshua entered Britain's clime
To trace God's triumphs on the front of Time;
Nor did he cease to work this honored grace
Till smiles and plenty gladdened every face,
Till nations wept for joy that they were free,
And Orange proved the word for liberty.

He came to earth, a man of mien austere,
Whose presence nations felt with reverent fear;
Whose eagle eye pierced through the subtle arts
That tyrants use to craven human hearts;
Whose pensive manners spoke of fires within
That quickened his resolve to scorch the sin.
No man dare stand between him and his God,
No tyrant in his path usurp the rod,
No empire plume a prostituted guise
To cheat our noblest nature of its prize.

Through him God's blessed Book, free as the wind,
In one grand inspiration thrilled the mind.

Through him swift Commerce soared o'er every
clime,
And art and genius flourished in their prime.
The halls of learning gave him loud acclaim,
The poets won the muses to his fame,
And sculptors vied to cast the plastic form
Of Nature's paragon who quelled the storm.

He placed the lamp of knowledge at our doors,
And sweet contentment added to our stores;
He gave to men the pen and bade them write,
And spread their dawning glories in the light:
Fair Science oped the treasures at her hand,
And homes of industry rose o'er the land.

The artisan sang welcome that he came,
The ploughman whistled cheerily his fame,
The sailor grew hilarious in his praise,
The soldier greeted him with roundelays;
The merchant cheered him as he shipped his corn,
The mother told his fame to her new-born;
And while the preacher plumed the victories
wrought,

The merry playwright wove them in his plot.
Sore Labor found at length he had a voice,
And struck a chord that made the world rejoice;
The brotherhood of man stood forth revealed,
Kind Nature opened up a richer yield,
And showed that all true subjects of her realm
Had gifts that called them to their country's helm.

Then breadth of mind grew wider with the hour,
Keen introspection opened out her dower;
Philosophy gave voice that all could hear,
And called her favorite students from the rear.
Electric fires revealed their native shrine,
A simple alphabet of the Divine,
That now, a volume widening with the skies,
Points out to man reopening Paradise.
And as the world awakens to the sight,
The nations one by one shake off the night,

And thank Almighty God that now is given
Some chance to think, some room to work for
heaven.

Shame on that recreant mind that dares deny
The glories wrought beneath our Orange sky—
When Scotia hastened on her wedding hour,
And gave to Britain panoply and power;
When France stood curbed in her blood-empire
scheme,
And Spain, dishonored, left the world—a dream.
When Londonderry fought the hosts of wrong,
And robed her hero with the wreaths of song.
And now Columbia's opening realm appears
Robed in the lustre of those Orange years,
The Bible ever open by her side,
And Christ her one Redeemer and her guide.

Rich from the splendors sown in Britain's land,
The nations stand to-day with lifted hand,
And pledge that arbitration's righteous plan
Shall mark the laurels of the God-made man;
That progress shall advance with lightsome grace,
And growth and goodness bless the human race;
That for our youth approaching soon to rule
The surest safeguard is the public school,

Where true nobility exalts the mind,
And man may grasp the wealth that Heaven de-
signed.

With God-like majesty we hold this trust,
Nor can earth's tyrants lower it in the dust—
Kings, popes, or presidents, whoe'er they be.
God's Word is teacher, our defence, our plea,
His Holy Writ our hope, a sacred leaven.
Who reads it well makes conquest here for heaven.

TERCENTENARY.

ON THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA, JULY, 1588.

THREE hundred years—a simple phrase, and yet
Thank God we live to speak it, for it points
To an event that changed whole dynasties,
And hastened truth's fruition. The bright sun
Looks down upon a world whose myriad goods
O'erbalance far the ills that sweep us by.
We stand and ponder: a strange Providence
Wraps up our lives in danger, and the air
Reverberates incessantly in psalm—
RIGHT TRIUMPHS, AND GOD DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

Britain, look back to that abhorrent hour
When Philip with his cohorts led the van
Of haughty empire and infernal hate;
When thou, a virgin, rising in thy prime
Amid the nations, girdedst on thy sword,
To meet the embattled hosts his vengeance poured
Around thee, o'er the seas, close to thy gates,
And threatened thee with baleful slavery.
Then thou didst cry to Him who holds the reins,
And, in response he gave thee strength to know
The bliss of freedom, and the price it bears.
And on this vantage ground each mother's son,
And daughter, too, calm, resolute and firm,
Took valiantly a stand that kept at bay
The tyrant's minions—Nature weaving storm
To aid thy weakness—giving thee a name
That, through the running ages, wakes the song
Of justice and of mercy—where free will
Is known and honored; where life is secure;
Where knowledge daily widens out her realm;
Where home is blest in father, mother, child;
Where all may worship God in varied phase—
Noblest communion. These our gifts to-day,
That sprang from firmness for the good and true.
Beauteous in blessing, therefore, be this year,

The grand tercentenary of thy hope!
Victoria, noblest of a noble line,
Receive the benedictions of the world,
This day of splendor! Round thy jubilee
The Past and Present gather, and proclaim
That in thine advent justice, joy, and love
Have met the sanction of the Prince of Peace.
While nations wake to hear the voice of God,
The world will honor thee with something more
Than vain applause or clamor. Be thy name,
Our mother Britain, in our song and prayer
Allied for blessing! While the coming years
Reap rich abundance, may they call to mind
The close relation peoples hold to thee
In honest search for freedom. For thyself,
Schooled well in joy and sorrow, we would pray
That God may keep thee watchful for the right,
And patient, too—that He will send thee wealth
Of counsel—kings and queens of soul—
To cheer thy progress, holding in their hands
The Book of Life, and point the world to God.
Thy daughter—one with thee in hope and aim,
America—drinks of thy life-blood's best,
And looks to cheer thee bravely in thine age.
With thee she bears the sceptre of the world.

Together, then, for Christ work might and main.
Tribes, nations look and wonder, and admire
Results that followed the Armada's boast.
Watch, Britain, watch! O be thy bulwarks strong!
The dogs of hate are watching, and their guise,
Insidious, lulls the foolish world to sleep.

Brooklyn, July, 1888.

THE PROPHECY.

WHAT am I but a child? what wisest men
Who scatter seeds of genius o'er the tract
Of time, that coming generations may be blessed,
And know life truly—what it really is?
Children at best, who study Nature's moods,
Her eccentricities, her kith and kin—
And in her ruggedness, her night and storm,
Her soft effulgence, her coquettish ways,
And soothing, patient spirit—grow as men
And women, noble in the majesty
Of godlike living, where ignoble streams
Sweep by, but cannot change their sacred course.

So think I still, as first in life the thought
Possessed me strangely: it was study time.

For I was trained by Silence, and the theme
That grew refulgent in the quiet hours,
And glowed with radiance from a fount divine,
Shunned proud dictation at the bid of lords
Of church or college; Nature, mother-like,
At such times ever drawing the veil between
Myself and umpires: long the gathering years
Witnessed her amours—that I did but laugh
And lovingly embrace her—till one day
She bade me follow her to higher courts,
And see her daughter Patience, queenliest one
Of all the Graces; when a mellowed light
Dawned on me, full of blessing, and I knew,
What sage or prophet never told before,—
That our loved mother blends with deeds of birth
Environment and circumstance, to throw
Relief and safety, where the briny waves
Of bitter Acheron cannot debar
Man's noblest portion in the allotted task.

Once I met sore defeat, and hastened home,
And for a moment on a couch reclined,
Brooding disaster—when immediately
Strange living forms rose on my opened sight,
And pale Oblivion's seal shut out the past.
I dwelt within a city, where a mass
Of men and women stood transfixed with awe.

O God! what agony of soul was there!
The faces blanched with woe, the glassy eye,
And rigid mouth, as if Medusa's glance
Froze them to marble. Fathers, mothers, sons,
And soft-eyed daughters, whose celestial brows
Spoke tenderest beauty—all alike the prey
Of blank despair and torture. Years have passed,
Yet still that mighty throng of human hearts
Lives in the picture. Homes, deserted, dead,
And all surrounding scenes chilled in the rime.
Men dared not speak, but looked askance, and feared
Their own lips' motion; while the balmy air,
That scatters life-blood in its buoyant breeze,
Slept in the torpor of the stagnant scene.

I looked, and, close beside, a serpent form,
Some eighty fathoms long, whose lissom frame
Showed ceaseless undulation, swept the earth.
His head, roughened with thorns, gnarled like the oak
Of centuries; mouth bloody, with forked sting
Fiercely protruding; eyes of emerald green
That cast a sickly lustre o'er the ground.
Long time the monster lay, his massive folds
In wild gyration, like the cycling sands
That sweep Sahara—weird and terrible—
Raging like Ocean's bosom in the storm;

His throat belching forth thunder, poison, blast,
His thrice-ribbed armor dazzling,—his whole frame,
Proud and vainglorious, looked as if he scorned
The puny efforts of surrounding hosts.

Nor anxious I, nor awe-struck; nor a sense
Of strength supernal seized me, as I pressed
My left hand gently on the serpent's head,
While with my right I grasped a sharpened blade
That lay athwart my vision; to and fro
Deeply, with cunning hand, I thrust the knife,
The cleavage widening as I wrought—when, lo!
Like some huge rock the gory, giant head,
Disjointed, breathless, rolled to the ground. Suddenly
Jubilations rent the air: the myriad hosts
Applauding; smiles enwreathed the face of Fear,
And all around arose the song of praise.

The vision faded softly in the air,
When up I sprang, questioning my senses' power.
No, I was not asleep, nor duped, nor drugged
With venom from the cesspools of the world.
Reader, seest thou the moral? Our strange life
Waits candid, clear opinion from the true,
From honest children out of every clime,
Of every fortune. Thick as forest leaves
Minds act and have their mission, yet the world

Listens with eagerness to catch the strain
That speaks of conquering faith and endless life.
The sequel runs, that they who learn and wait,
Find compensation in the motherhood
Of Nature, and her store of fitting joys.
For only in her teaching can they escape
Foul avarice, the filthy brood of lusts,
Or stains of envy. Watch Truth well; she loves
Her cheerful pupils; deigning constantly
In richest panoramas to unfold
Her choicest lessons in the school of life.

The vision stands a living prophecy—
That those who study Truth through Nature's aids,
And seek her embrace, see the Paradise
That Adam lost, that Love and Mercy found.
Where Meekness dwells with heavenly Chastity;
Where Beauty wields her sceptre, and, with peace
And awful Justice, walks the eternal round.

INTROSPECTION.

O CHILD of duty, look thou well within.
The wide environment takes all its grace
From introspection. We may read ten tongues
With their inflections where the crowd reads one.
When sacred Justice calls upon the soul
To open up her realm, we find the key
That solves the doubt in every difficulty.

'Tis not enough in humble deference
To pay obeisance at the fount of virtue.
We must have fortitude to act our mission.
For here stands Truth close veiled from vulgar minds,
As Isis, in famed Saïs, lone and dumb.
Still cries the oracle as in olden time:
“ Who lifts the veil shall see the face of truth”—
And near her wait the indomitable band
Whom nor the fears nor frowns of earth affect,
In godlike grandeur,—noblest of the earth.
These reverently disrobe the sacred face,
Nor die, for the divinity within
Assures existence, yea, and larger hope.

Then what is truth ? for not a day need pass
Without unlocking doors not oped before;—
Without new views in our kaleidoscope,

Distancing—in the garniture of hues
And the embroidery of circumstance
The best we ever knew. What if the schools
Should chain us to their dicta if they dare!
What if the peers of proud philosophy
Drive stakes to bind the limits of the will,
That the unthinking crowd may stand and halt,
And there forever halt right to their shame!—
This were no argument for prescient minds,
Or Nature's well-beloved. Like the hart
Bounding the mountain gorge, they overleap
The wall that weak ambition rears to rule;
They grasp their right like the fierce northern wind
Welds water into ice, and know no law
But rigid Duty. These are Nature's minds—
Giants of soul, whose deep, unfathomed eyes
Speak volumes for the rights of God and man,
Making sweet reverence and honesty
Their house and wardrobe—yea, the welcome bed
On which they rest in sleep and blessed dreams.

Truth like a mother has a thousand charms.
Look deep within thy heart, there thou wilt find
The treasures of the All. E'en the serene
Of heaven in its rich tracery of blue
Has fed for ages ardent souls on earth;

So running streams, and hurricanes and frosts,
Season and temperature and wayward change,
Form, essence, beauty—Nature's awful round
All universed with suns lighting the maze;
And comets roaming o'er the infinite sea,
Bearing some awful message of their Sire—
These form some studies of the patient scholar.
Here lies his heritage in the vast domain,
To live a royal life close to his kin,
Where wild vicissitudes cannot annoy.

Nature yields room for spiritual advancement,
Of all truths one the truest. Feeble minds
Of narrow biased schools pin their ideals
On walls reared on the fields of human fears,
While Nature ever points to higher standards.
We dare not bar the mind more than the sea
Its tidal flow; its being bears an essence
Divine, eternal, which at fitting times,
Oft at long intervals, throws out new buds
That blossom into fruit to meet the ages.
Therefore forget not this, O great truth-seeker!
Thou carriest in thy wardrobe wondrous stores
Of heavenly gifts, which, nor material things,
Nor sense, nor station can make thee forget.
Think wisely, well—the truth will be revealed.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

TWO BROTHERS, lustrous in their birth, and lovely in
their prime,

Grew up beneath their parents' care, the marvels of
the time,

The gifts of nature, and the grace and joy of home
were theirs,

They met their father's fondest wish, their mother's
holiest prayers.

Such love, such unity and bliss but few may ever
know,

And so these happy children lived, nor knew the touch
of woe.

One day a radiance filled the place as with supernal
light,

And orchestras and heavenly choirs burst out upon
the sight;

Soft undertones and angel notes rang out in sweet
refrain,

And nature gladdened at her best at the celestial
strain.

While in the dread magnificence all being felt the
thrill

From universe to universe of the Eternal Will.

Then, in the midst of melody, gifts fell to every soul,
And faces glowed, and eyes grew bright amid the
thunder roll;

And these two brothers, hand in hand, adown the
mountain ran,

Nor knew that in their hearts they bore the horoscope
of man.

Love still her sweetest anthems sang within their
calm retreat,

And Beauty daily gathered stores to scatter at their
feet.

Nor could the mother's wistful eye as yet perceive a
change,

Nor mark the current that began to manifest its
range,

Save that some childish fancy rose, and ripened day
by day,

And tendency grew to a power that conquered in its
sway.

Footfalls of Nature led them on, with many a care
beset,

And sweet Affection healed the wounds wherever they
were met.

The years rolled on, those golden years, grand wit-
nesses for man,

While these two sons unconsciously kept pressing to
the van.

And as the mighty streams enlarge far from their
nether springs,
So widened out their influence as by unearthly wings.
Each with intensive feeling wrought to keep his purpose strong,
The one apparelled for the right, the other for the wrong.

Ah, little think the mighty crowds of what the will
may do,
And Providence, for some wise end, withholds the
larger view;
Self triumphed each succeeding day with such resist-
less force,
That outside agencies rushed in and strengthened the
resource:
A thousand spirits wheeled in line and urged the
giddy throng
To battle for the son whose will lay on the side of
wrong.

Then Rage and Ruin filled the streets with streams of
human gore,
And cities flamed while Vice lashed on the demons
that she bore.
What perfidy sprang up in halls where Truth was
wont to dwell!
And midnight orgies spread around the atmosphere of
hell;

And bribe, profanity and lust, and lying were the food
Of millions gorging at the feast, polluted in their
blood.

But he whose will lay to the right—when once he
heard the voice,
Some burning consciousness within bade him at once
rejoice.

He read the message o'er and o'er, and nursed it in his
breast,

And lo, the more he weighed its worth, it proved a
greater zest.

And with his growth so grew the flock where'er his
spirit trod;

And people loved him wondrously—his presence spoke
of God.

Like lambent fires that deck the morn, and usher in
the day,

Suffusing radiance o'er the hearts of millions in their
way,

So the grand birthright of a will in wisdom's armor
dressed

Rolled o'er the earth successive waves of life for the
oppressed,

And Art and Genius fanned their flames that nations
might arise

From the lewd holocausts of sin to nobler sacrifice.

Go, children, eloquent in thought, the gift of the
Supreme,
Rise to some insight of the power that gives you such
a gleam.
Go, mount the rostrum, voice the press, and teach
within the school:
You bear some sacred light within, some attribute of
rule—
The seal of God graven on your heart—then do the
best you can.
He noblest does his work for Heaven who loves his
brother man.

THIS WORLD IS A HEAVEN.

OF life as it is let us sing,
For there's beauty and joy in it all,
Though Evil's around with its sting,
Overhanging the earth like a pall.
But, reader, let virtue excel.
To you and to me it is given
To drive back the spectre of hell,
And make earth a palace of heaven.

That truth lives, we dare not deny
From the God-given nature of mind.
Though the rake and the casuist lie,
Dear Honesty favors her kind.
'Tis well 'tis the nature of truth
To weld ties that cannot be riven.
Our years cry for beauty and youth.
Believe it—this world is a heaven.

Each day, as we take up the news,
God help us, what riot and shame!
What suicide, murder and stews
Are staining humanity's name!
E'en our bosom friends, touched with the fell
Malaria of death round us driven,
Are helping to make earth a hell,
But believe it, this world is a heaven.

Adulterants poison our food,
Law-protected while stealing our cash.
Our edibles, tainted with blood,
Must meet the competitive dash—
While inspectors keep ringing their bell
To hide every stain in the leaven,—
All striving to make earth a hell,
But believe it, this world is a heaven.

There's that old pauper Divès in church,

With Monopoly, Title and Trust;

There's the ten million toilers in search

Of an honest endowment and crust.

But we reckon his worship would sell

Their souls for a sou or a seven.

He does what he can to make hell

Of a world God has made as a heaven.

Such grunting and growling all day,

From the prelate low down to the thief.

Such struggling for eating and pay,

And whiskey to get some relief !

Divorce wraps the millionaire's shell,

While our law courts with bribery are shriven.

All thirsting to make earth a hell,

But believe it, this world is a heaven.

So, brethren, what then can we do,

When through fear men will sanction a wrong?

Why, search all our faculties through,

And deal out the rich cordials of song.

Let us each say, 'I'll drink at the well

Mother Nature so freely has given.

Let fools, if they will, make earth hell,

To me this dear world is a heaven."

Sing out, and be joyous like men,
Magnetize other minds with your joy.
March upward with heart, tongue and pen,
And your empire will have no annoy.
Go visit your neighbors, and tell
Of lives noble, blessed, and forgiven.
And show them that earth is not hell,
But a gateway and palace of heaven.

SLEEP.

(FROM "LIFE.")

HAIL, darling mother, dainty Sleep !
No diamond from the vasty deep,
No pearl that ever graced the sight
Can vie with her, the queen of Night—
Not the eclipse of Nature's ball,
But the soul windows in the tall
Grand temple of the human frame—
There plays she, there she sets her game,
There shows her fortune, and takes down
Recurrently the cross and crown,
And sets the owners in her lap,
Feeding them with ambrosial pap.

For what are we but babes at best,
Who hang on Nature's mother breast ?
Nor need we be ashamed to say it.
She fills the bill, and means to pay it.

Thou pet of Nature! None can know
Thy wealth, thy beauty, what we owe
Thee for thy kindness and thy dress
To hide us in our nakedness,
And keep us quiet while we eat,
The heavenly manna at thy feet;
Then, resurrected to new birth,
Still find a paradise on earth,
And walk as sovereigns the abode
Where dwelleth peace, and heaven, and God.

O nurse, O mother of our joy!
Thou hast a secret which nor boy,
Nor girl, nor parent can disclose—
A type far lovelier than the rose,
Or than the modest violets,
Or any of the garden pets—
Thou hast a treasure of the spring
Eternal in thy luminous wing,
Telling us all to be of cheer;
That in thy visits there are clear
Types of the antitypes above,
Where life is an eternal love;

That as we spring from thine embrace
On each returning morn, a grace
Of other times and other spheres,
Rising in holy grandeur, veers
In our perspective, and a glow
Seraphic charms us as we go
To urgent Duty. Be thou then
The friend and almoner of men,
And as we daily leave thy breast
May we be wiser from our rest.

EGO.

How wonderful it is to be!
To know that this is truth.
To feel thy pulse, eternity,
A never-ending youth.

While on my visit to the earth
Clothed as a human tree,
I read the splendors of my birth
That tell me I am free.

My spirit nowhere is confined;
It spans the maze between.
Deep in the ocean of the mind
The infinite is seen.

What grandeur marks the palace fair
That Providence designed!
And pre-established with such care
As wardrobe for the mind.

How gently gravitation holds
This fabric while I stay!
A few hours hence the flower unfolds,
And then I fly away.

What fields of glory I may tread
Far in the vast unknown!
One lesson I have ever read,
I never am alone.

Within this garden of my God
There is no room for strife.
The day, the night, the suns abroad
Speak of eternal life.

The little floweret in the vase
That speaks a language pleasant—
E'en there I gladly see some phase
Of Thee Thou ever Present.

And midst such symbols of Thy power,
Meek, tender, true and clear,
I lengthen out this little hour,
And never know a fear.

Some voice keeps ringing in my heart
That in my near translation
I may behold the sacred chart
That opens up creation.

PATIENCE.

THOU beautiful ! fair as the sun,
And richer than all human wealth.
Dear love, the race that I have run
Is tinctured with thy hues of health.

How sad my lot, morose, unkind,
Till thy sweet presence fell on mine !
Then opened out the the strength of mind,
Then glowed my path with light divine.

Then cheerfulness sang her refrain.
What active virtues roused my heart !
Far fled the agonies of pain,
And joys came in to share their part.

Thou child of God—where'er I go,
In all my visits to my kind,
I ask my Father to bestow
The radiance of thy heavenly mind.

O then what sunshine fills the home !

For faith and love are there to greet.

Dear Patience, glad that thou art come.

I lay this tribute at thy feet.

We keep a little flower within our portal,

A sweet and winsome thing, and always handy.

For who has Patience has a double fortune.

She never tires of carrying out her purpose.

Give her full play, and let her noon be radiant.

Then Magnanimity will pay us visit;

For but few know her, and of those who do,

They never fail to treat her as an angel.

These breed a noble generosity,

Large-heartedness in coin and provender,

While generous in their estimate of men

In gathering knowledge, building character,

They sow a seed to benefit our kin.

How may we welcome then this heavenly boon?

For many homes are crushed without its bliss.

What wrangling there and sore perversity !

Because there is no thought of God or heaven.

There is no time for joy to cheer the soul;

The cry is all for gold.

HONESTY AND CHEERFULNESS.

WHAT is 't to live—to lift the key
And ope life's chambers wide ?
To peer within the mystery
Of life's undying side ?
Fools crowd us round and force their way
To pulpit, press and law.
While sheepskin and diploma play
To make their man of straw.

The man that lives—the happiest man
Goes singing through the day.
A wife and weans but weld his plan,
And bind his roundelay.
And why ? He knows that honesty
Is sweet as life itself,
And while he bears that sacred fee
He scorns the thought of pelf.

You speak of wealth, and pomp, and place,
But what are they to me ?
Here comes my friend with smiling face,
His joys set others free.

Though small his wage, his family great,
His heart is filled with glee.
These are our true-born men of state,
That make our family-tree.

EVENING.

O WHAT is there so sweet
As—when the shades of even steal around—
To hear of darling voices the dear sound,
The tread of infant feet ?

Faces of earnest love,
Tired with the toils of absence thro' long hours,
Rush forth within our embrace, all joy's powers
Each striving best to move.

The gush of gathering sighs,
And fond endearment's soothing, mellow tone,
The anxious ear, the ardent grasp of ONE,
The lustre of the eyes.

All these are but the sign
Of God's deep impress on the human heart.
Pleased we await His hand in joy or smart,
And view it as divine.

O ye who seek employ
In courts where faith and patience ne'er are seen,
Nor fortitude nor gentleness serene
Sheds forth one ray of joy—

You may this treasure claim:
'Tis this—that faith in Him who gives us light
Bespeaks a blessing beautiful as bright,
And an eternal name.

Montreal, 1864.

LOOKING.

WHERE dwellest Thou in glory, God of life ?
For men would seek Thee. All is dark and chill
Without some consciousness that Thou art by—
That Thou lov'st Thy creation—that Thy will
Has in it entities that cannot die.
O for that knowledge—then the stress and strife
Are doubly welcome, since they daily bring
Credentials of Thy kinship to our race.
Grant us this blessing, that our lives may ring
The sunshine of Thy face.

For Thou hast molded us with plastic form
And godlike symmetry, granting a soul
Befitting Thy conception—while the earth,
With ever-varying beauty as her dole,
Reflects her highest homage on our birth.

We live because thou livest—Thou the norm
Beauteous, eternal. Manifest Thy power
In ways that men may know Thee and rejoice.
Awake some welcome symbol of Thy dower—
Let all men hear Thy voice.

We love Thee, feel Thy presence, and to us
Thou art our house of comfort—our delight.
For, taking Nature's hand, at Thy request—
Glad is our day, and holy is our night:
Well satisfied Thou knowest what is best,
And so wilt do. But sin, lewd, ravenous,
Debauched with envy, covets every wrong,
And thrusts her horrid front near every good.
Declare, O God, Thy presence; Thou art strong.
Make known Thy fatherhood.

THE RESPONSE.

O CHILD of feebleness, how prone to speak
Thine own opinion! Yet not vain the thought
That rises in thy bosom, for it proves
Some deeper utterance thou canst never gauge
With present faculty. Therefore 't is well
To learn and question—seed of life well sown.
For Nature, manifold with varied phase,
Seeks consonance with what of good thou hast
In thy dominion. Girded, then, with sense
To suit thy present station, and with mind
To range discursively o'er pleasant paths,
E'en to the bounds of the unseen, where thou
Canst view some lustre of a higher life,
Thou doest well to ponder, and to ask
The wondrous question, for thine anxious soul
Finds here a foretaste of a nobler birth.

The day already dawns when from this school
Thou shalt pass on to different scenes, and find
Some new revealing. Studious, then, and wise,
Seize cheerfully thy portion—yours to enjoy.
And though men arrogate the right to know
Time, space and substance in the infinite deeps

Of their essentials—this their pasture ground
Gives scope sufficient for their highest thought,
And evidence of holier life to come.
More thou wilt know when I remove the bands
That isolate thee here, and bar the tread
Of the strange soul that on thy natal day
I breathed within thy temple. Like the breeze
Tempered by sweetest fragrance, and the charm
Of holiest silence—through the roseate hours
Rising and ebbing at the beck of law,
Thus gently to my offspring I reveal
A Father's feeling. Yours the joy to know
That Life—transcendent and in mode diverse—
Associates every good, nor shuns the low,
But walks with Love o'er the eternal space.
And though the brand of sin has touched some part
Of my creation—fools are they who dare
To foul the sense of weaker minds with vague
And profane mutterings of my secret will.
My servants bear my imprint; for their lives
Bespeak a testimony and a pledge
That scatter blessings like the tidal sea.
Am I not Father? I will claim my own.
The poor, rich, learned, the ignorant will find
Some throbbing in their being for the law

I there have planted. Mine the power to do
Or undo—Mine the right to work my will
In messages of mercy, probing sore
The heart that seeks me—trying well my jewels.
And have not I a Father's heart, and feel
For my creation? If to thee I show
Myself as Christ thy Saviour—(I who make
The dust, rich with intrinsic grandeur—suns
To nurse my own begetting)—will my love
Stop short of anything that love can do?
Rest then on Him. For here thou canst not hope
A nearer vision. Speak my love to men
In the Redeemer. Faith thus keeps the soul
Active in virtue, with a consciousness
Strong in the life-blood of His righteousness.
Rest then on Him. Feeling thine every grief,
He breaks the bread of mercy, and His love
Surrounds thee as an ocean without bounds.

ISRAEL.

THOU patient Jew, go hold the place
That thou hast earned by stubborn care.
While keen-eyed Justice leads our race,
No bigot hoof shall trample there.
No narrow church dare force our laws
To rob thee of thine honest right,
No racial spirit raise its crest
To brand thee with a nation's spite.
Ye men of industry and peace
Come to our arms—our land is wide.
The world owes Israel a debt
That cannot longer be denied.
Though silly fools have taken stock
Through centuries long to cut thee down,
Now Justice vows, with oath and sword,
That man shall pay thee due renown.

THE YEARS.

O BLESSED years, how sweet to me!
Your presence fills my heart with glee.
What hosts of friends have passed away,
Yet Time salutes me, well-a-day!

And years go out, and years come in
To crown the conquest over sin.

Say, life, what art thou in thy prime?
A ray of holiness divine?
An aura from the heavenly face?
A vestment from the secret place?
A spark of that diviner breath
That proves the victory over death?

O life, how beautiful thou art!
A paradise within the heart,
Where the Creator as a guest
Day after day, at our behest,
Comes in, and bids us all rejoice
Beneath the music of His voice.

WILLIAM THE SILENT.

Sung at a meeting in Newton, Mass., '95.

WE bless thee, Father, for this hour,
To sing Thy hallowed praise,
That points to memories of Thy power
And love in other days,

When, in the black and lurid night,
This child of Freedom came,
His standard pointing to the light,
And pleading for Thy name.

We thank Thee for Thy Book of Truth,
He placed in reach of all:
And as its cheer for age and youth
Rang through the hut and hall,
He fenced its rights with ribs of steel
And hearts of faith and prayer,
That following ages might reveal
The wealth embosomed there.

Whatever spot on earth we tread,
We speak his name with joy;
He came, and Freedom reared her head,
And gave her sons employ.
Now human minds in every clime
Rejoice beneath her reign;
Things circumstantial grow sublime,
And virtue reaps her gain.

Now industry assumes her task,
And science plies her hand;
Our fertile fields yield what we ask,
And plenty crowns the land.

Broad, healthy learning fills the state,
Born of the public school,
And prelates well may hesitate
E'er they discard the rule.

Swift roll the years, and in their flow
The hearts of men are free;
Love, wisdom, gladness, beauty show
Thy boon of Liberty.
We thank Thee, Thou beloved One,
The Bible still is ours;
We thank Thee for its victories won,
The riches it endowers.

We thank Thee for its Christmas time,
That makes us friends again;
Its thought of Christ in every clime
Awakens love in men.
And so we pledge this hallowed day
This treasure to defend.
O God! our Saviour and our stay,
Be this our aim and end.

PHŒBE'S SONG.

FROM "ALBYNLAND," A RELIGIOUS DRAMA.

A SIMPLE maid, I love to sing,
And while the hours away ;
For time and I are on the wing,
And I must be merry to-day.
Hail, happy morn ! when daylight comes,
It wakes this sweet refrain—
Sing when you can, love when you may,
Life was not given in vain.

I roam the valleys when I will,
Or walk the crowded streets,
Nor can I keep a moment still,
Life is so full of sweets.
I cannot think the Saviour meant
That we should fret and pine ;
And where I go, the laughing face
Meets sympathy in mine.

The tears that start fall not in vain,
While I love the Giver of all :
The hand that sprinkles the welcome rain,
Lifts me gently when I fall ;

And my heart is light, and my hopes are bright,
For I've nothing else to know,
Than to scatter abroad the love of God,
And comfort the house of woe.

Come, let us unite when life is ours,
Singing out right merrily,
And show our loves like the summer flowers,
In a joy that is fair and free.
For the sunlight is but the house of God,
And we are worshippers there;
Our life is a temple to His praise,
A tribute of His care.

Lines written at the home of MR. ANGUS BLIEU, Milford, Conn.,
Oct. 19, '98, where I sought shelter from the raging storm.

DEAR Lord, how wonderful thy hand!
How fair and gentle too!
Thou sendest tempests o'er the land
To keep it sweet and new.

Thou openest clefts within the rock
For all thy children dear,
And mirrored in the autumn's blast
Thy beauties bright appear.

Thou wondrous Being, Life Divine,
Rich with refreshing grace,
Make us to-day rejoice with love
That now we see Thy face.

Then let us strive in Christ Thy Son
To spread thy light abroad,
And ever bear the hallowed truth
That we are born of God.

LIVING.

LIVING well and knowing why—
Such are they that never die.
Cares may like a mountain press,
But the mind is given to bless.
Light and beauty ever shine
In this thought of the Divine.

Aye, 'tis true, mind never dies.
Only Duty wins the prize.
They that dare degrade mankind,
And are to the virtues blind,
Pass adown oblivion's shade
Where a justice debt is paid.

Look and question—'t is our right.
Some response will break the night.
Clothed with faculties divine,
Let us keep them well in line,
Temperance and love and truth
Ever bear the grace of youth.

Hope, sincerity and joy,
With the seraphs they employ,
Point out every fleeting day
Mind shall never pass away.
When our robe falls to the ground,
Still a nobler one is found.

No, dear reader, God-given mind
Never was for death designed.
Pain, disorder, vice assail,
Christ is helmsman in the gale.
Look within, around, above.
Death can never conquer love.

THE SONG OF CIVILIZATION.

To my most excellent friend, PETER ROSS, LL. D., whose
writings have charmed me many an hour.

I FLY o'er the earth with my messengers swift,
And awaken the world with my song.
And the sages and heroes of old I uplift
On my wings as I journey along.
The children of Duty I press to my heart
For the grace they bestow on my train,
For their bands of affection and genius impart
A repose like the sweet summer rain.
There is mirth, there is music wherever I go,
With a hatred of violence and wrong.
From the lands of the sun to the lands of the snow
I bear healing that minds may be strong.

I gladden the world with a rapture divine
For the grasp of our faculties here;
And the guardians of bounty I place all in line
That the future may love and revere.
I am whispering each day in the course that I take
Of the grandeur of life in the race,
And the dense walls of ignorance quickly I break,
And endow every realm with my grace.

I am hastening the hour when the spear shall be
turned

To the pruning hook spoken by God;
I am hastening the day when the sword shall be
burned,
And made useful in turning the sod.

Wickliffe, Huss and Spinoza stand well in the right,
Knox, Savonarola and More.

With Luther, these worthies declare for the light,
That the nations may learn of their store.

When Philip's armada sought fury and blood,
I welcomed the wind o'er the sea.

Old Britain was brave, and her soldiers were good,
But the wild waves won trophies for me.

When the dread "No Surrender" of Derry was heard,
And Orange spoke peace unto man;

When Cromwell's and Washington's pulses were
stirred,

Then my conquests in earnest began.

With Milton and Shakespeare unfolding the truth,

And weird Spenser scattering her flowers,
Scott, Tennyson, Keats, in the vigor of youth
Bless the nations with plentiful showers.

With Handel and Mozart, with Brougham and Peel,
Ramsay, Burns singing loud at the board;
With Goethe, Gray, Harvey, Browne, Addison, Steele,
All partaking of Gutenberg's hoard—
Kant, Leibnitz, Descartes, Bacon firm as a rock;
Hunter, Hamilton, Nelson, Carlyle,
Learned Hale, Newton, Swedenborg, Kepler and
Locke—
All shower forth their gifts on my Nile.

Stanley, Humboldt, Park, Livingstone open a path
Where stout progress may ride round the world;
While Wallace and Bruce, and keen Wellington's
wrath
Has the dear flag of freedom unfurled.
Here Longfellow, Bryant, Holmes throw out their
arms,
And invite the whole world to their cheer,
Where Lincoln and Grant quelled the despots'
alarms,
And banished the demons of fear.
Morse, Arkwright, MacAdam, MacCormack and Watt,
With Edison lighting the spheres—
Daguerre and Jacobi—how noble the lot
Of my children who honor the years!

Cudworth, Barrow, MacCosh, and the eloquent Pitt,
Abelard, Bossuet, Lamartine,
Sully, D'Israeli, Bismarck and Gladstone remit
Inspiration to make life serene.
Hobbes, Cowley, and Jenner hold but one repast,
With Dante and droll Macchiavel—
While Beecher, Brooks, Spurgeon preached up to
the last
Earth is heaven though fools make it hell.
With Gibbon and Dryden, and Priestley and Pope
This old world is better to-day.
With Angelo, Hogarth and Turner's proud hope,
And Montaigne wit and Ruskin assay.

Lo, the names that I bear on my standard of war!
Calvin, Diderot, Hume, St. Pierre.
Wesley, Warburton, Paley, and Butler's bright star,
Montesquieu, Cham Johnson the Bear.
Sterne, Rabelais, Hugo, Swift laughed out of place
The dark age malaria of shame,
While Cowper, Watts, Marvell, and Berkeley's soft
grace
Opened up a new pathway to fame.
Hail, Cranmer and Latimer, Baxter and Coke,
Boerhaave, Grotius, Defoe, Molière!
The words that Hood, Greeley, and Emerson spoke
Still enhance the world's rich bill of fare.

Come, then, to my breast all ye children of art,
Of song, faith, and heavenly cheer.
Deal forth with thanksgiving the wealth of the heart,
Nor be swayed by the demons of fear.
No more shall vile demagogues dare to intrude
Where the sponsors of genius hold sway,
No more shall the nations seek war's interlude
To wash all their sorrows away.
Near and nearer we sail to the temple of truth,
Near and nearer to God and His throne,
Where man seeks his glory, his beauty, his youth,
And his freedom and joy are his own.

STRENGTH WITH AGE.

WELCOME years! we hear your voice:
Gather strength with age!
Feeble minds cannot rejoice
In their pilgrimage.
Yet we will, so help us God,
Triumph though we feel the rod.
Therefore we must go well shod,
Seeking strength with age.

Appetite pulls giants down,
Down to low degree.
Virtue, will, must guard our crown,
Iron though it be.
Life is not a libel—no!
Though our path be flecked with woe.
Watch, my brother, wiser grow
If you would be free.

O what slaves on earth we meet!
Men without a mind.
With God-armor all complete,
Groveling like the hind.
Never standing for their own,
Till they find some putrid bone,
Which they kiss with sigh and moan.
Such is human kind.

O'er the earth we daily go,
Following Duty's plan,
Wondering what can Nature show
To her creature man,
Faithful to her God Most High.
Though beside, with demon eye,
Perjury, hate and cruelty
Daily strut the span.

Mammon striking right and left
With her lecher claws,
Dogma eating out a cleft
For abnormal laws.
While the many-millions throng
Hearkening to the siren song,
Sink within the maelstrom wrong,
'Mid the fools' applause.

Aye, good Nature's ways are pure,
And our God is wise.
Man may live, and may secure
Honesty's emprise.
Freedom, chastity—what wealth!
All is riches here and health.
Though the mass court strife and stealth,
Here is paradise.

BEING.

SOME trace or phasis then of life
Epitomized is ever rife
In everything—the ocean sand
Betrays it—the firm mountain band

Of granite—balmy airs that blow,
Rain, sunshine, crystals of the snow;
Huge fossils sleeping in the mine,
The rhododendron and the pine,
Hues, odors, flowers of every form
Show life up to a certain norm.
Nor can the mind's perplexing thought
Touch on a theme where life is not.
Generically true, a power
Or principle of life gives dower
To all creation in detail—
Thus law and harmony prevail.
And nature all along the line
Proclaims with mind a source divine.

Some, from the want of sense, express
Both in the pulpit and the press,
The thought that nature is unkind.
Now what is nature but the mind
Of the Creator in the mode
Of action on the thing bestowed ?
Life covers all. We merely trace
The simplest fraction of its face.
Organic—inorganic things—
All hint to us life's whisperings,
All bear the fiat of a birth
Superior to, not of the earth,

And, like a babe upon the breast,
We gaze with wonder at our rest,
Right in the centre of a sea,
Above, below, eternity.
What is this wondrous life we hold ?
Its nature ? whence its primal fold ?
Its margin in the wealth we see,
Its beauty, purpose, purity ?
Its music, fragrance, or the bloom
It daily weaves in Nature's loom ?

Perplexing theme, whose dual force
Forever holds in its resource
Worlds upon worlds, revolving all
In countless orbits great and small,
From galaxies to grains of sand,
Where Order ever speaks command,
Translucent all to some great power
Ruling the universal hour.

Some from the windows of the soul
See their estate ; while some unroll
A hidden sense, no mortal eye
Deciphers, and with that espy
The wondrous garniture of mind ;
Some their perceptions have designed
To gather truth in such a vein
The world counts shallow and inane ;

Some, strange, incongruous in their form,
Like battered hulks amid the storm.
Bear witness of a throne within
Where senates meet without a sin.
In childhood some blaze in the flame
Of genius, then go as they came,
While others walk through lengthened years
In dullness, when their light appears.
A few, deprived of outer sense,
The Bridgmans, find their competence
In hidden gifts whose weight and worth
Throw grand refulgence o'er the earth.
How much or little may be said,
Life's riddle never can be read.
Right in our midst, each passing hour
Discloses in our frames its power.
New beings burst upon the scene,
And yet those powers that intervene
To bring creations to the light
Lie hidden in the blackest night.

TO JOHN D. ROSS,

AUTHOR OF "SCOTTISH POETS IN AMERICA," ETC.,
ON HIS FORTIETH BIRTHDAY.

LIFE is to me a heritage of good,

That blossoms ever into summer flowers,
And thus I walk the sacred neighborhood

Of minds congenial with the rolling hours,
Who ring auspicious birthdays for the soul.

So have I thought of thee, and I would fain
Ask blessings on the path that points thy goal—

That joys and years may sing thee long refrain.
For thou art here with us, an honest man,

One of the rarest of the human kind,
Looking for sweets within the poet's plan,

Clothed with the highest embassy of mind—
And thoughts all roseate with angelic grace,

The opening buds of genius, meet our eye;
This be thy great vocation here—to trace

The beauty and the love that cannot die,
Gentle reminders of immortal life,

Which nor black perfidy, nor hate, nor strife

Can blur the beauteous picture thou hast given.
On this October morn, thy natal day,

Unnumbered graces cheer thee on thy way,

As thou art cheering us with gathered hues of
heaven.

COMMON SENSE PHILOSOPHY.

SOME years on earth I love to cast
My vision o'er the vivid past,
And in the shimmering mists behold
What sage or prophet never told—
That pure undying love is found
All over man's immortal ground.
'Tis grandly sweet to live and grow,
And each day something nobler know:
Our faculties and inner sense
Are fitted for such competence.

Now my concept of life is odd—
And certainly my faith in God
Is strong—yet this I know right well
Were 't not for fight earth would be hell.
And Nature giving me good leaven,
Thinks I, I'll find this world a heaven.
And so I have, though fools will prate
When I am gone—"Poor man, too late!
He might have done well had he tried.
He slept too long, he waked and died."
So critics howl, from mind inane,
In spatterdashes of the brain.

Of all philosophies, the best
Is that wherein man finds his rest
Grows easier as the days go by,
No matter how the years may fly.
If men go courting Bacchus' shrine,
And let mad Passion wield the line
Through all their years, why, let them go,
And die and be forgot. Not so
The man that triumphs over time,
And makes this little life sublime.
If he but utter one sure thought
Through all his years, God bless his lot !
For such conception will outgrow
The whole anabasis of woe,
In influence and stretch of power,
Nature's own guarantee of dower.

In this great tempest field of care
I tell you I have had my share,
And yet I should be knave indeed
Were I to let it run to seed
As many do; and hence the wrongs
That goad the earth with sores and thongs.
Materialism builds her shrine
Within the heart, and there men dine,
And seldom waken to the fact
Life must be spiritual in act.

Their eye just rises to the sense,
And cannot soar to Providence.
Living on pottage all their days,
Kneeling like puppets at the plays,
Their little life is cold as stone
Right near the glow of God's own throne.

Nor is it wise to look on life
As but a vehicle of strife.
Intemperance befathers that.
Let alcohol then be the rat—
But set your trap well if you can,
For alcohol's a friend of man.
This is the plea of common sense,
And all our boasted eloquence
Will ne'er dispare this great truth
That life is an eternal youth.
The negative, the sour, the sweet
In marshalled order stand complete
In general law, but danger springs
From resting on but partial things.

Man may be happy if he will.
Let governments this truth instil—
Who gave us life gave us the rein,
Through mind, sensation, nerve and brain,
To honor life while dwelling here,
To know the worth of hope and fear,

These sentinels kind Heaven assigned
To act as gateways of the mind.

So live and do the best you can,
For Duty makes a god of man.
We know right well what Duty means.
She never hides behind the scenes.
To man the noblest blessing given.
Watch well her face, you're sure of heaven.

TO
MRS. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

DEAR lady, I should greet your name,
For Nature gave you store so great,
You wisely set it up in state,
And pay your honest meed to fame.

And hearts are gladdened as you look
Deep in the archives of the soul,
And daily some new thought unroll
To help us from your Nature book.

This feverish age of joys and jars
Withal has some good store of sense.
For young and old find recompense
In your credenda of our wars.

You find great good in life. 'Tis well.
Some thousands live, nor find it blest.
You teach that honesty is best,
And thus save many souls from hell.

A few stout genuine hearts like thine
Would lift up peoples from the sod,
And minds would learn to think of God,
And make this little life divine.

LITERARY DIPSOMANIACS.

WHAT a filthy piece of work
Is this living like the Turk!
In the market, mill or church
We may find it without search.
And I often wonder why
Thousands will not rather die
Than to have their night life bring
Virus, infamy and sting.

All this purse-proud class of men
Dancing in the Devil's den,
Think. because their air is grand,
They have Caliban in hand.

And to mold him as they please,
They will trick him by degrees,
Start the lie and bribe to win,
Then to church to hide the sin.

O how little, base and mean
When one gets behind the scene!
Where these pharisees, so bland,
Lose all sense of self-command.
Though as leaders the next day
They will preach or even pray,
Telling mortals to be good,
Pointing to God's fatherhood.

Most men, weary of the shame
Thrust upon the Christian name
By these monsters of the slime,
Have but little faith to climb.
Thus the Christian work goes slow,
Hemmed on every side by woe.
Yet God's truth will be revealed.
All are safe beneath His shield.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

WHY does stern History always force your name
On our attention ? Equity pleads here ;
But equity insists on sovereign rights,
And bids us claim them. Some would angels be,
And love an easy freedom, where no fight
Would ever mar their heartstrings or their door.
And to this end they will play puppetry,
And sink their sense of honor. Here's the rub.
Truth will not have it so. 'Tis, do or die.
Ah, there's the secret then in full revealed.
An easy love of freedom will not pay ;
It never has. For indolence creeps in,
And over-confidence with dupery.
Where soft Deceit is daily dined and wined,
Where godlike Truth is left to sit in rags,
Then man forgets the all that makes a man.
War, rabid war, is better far than life
All gangrened with the leprosy of lust
And foul damnation—than those moral plagues
That eat as cancers in a nation's soul.

Let us be fair. Of those that speak your name
Some turn aghast and tremble, and thus shirk
The only manhood that will keep us men ;

The other class, who think, observe and read,
Point to your noblest triumphs with esteem,
Nor hesitate to say such faithful work
Strengthens the bulwark of our liberties;
And also with the years gives godlier hint
That truth and light **MUST** govern—that no laws
Dare longer play the Constance game, nor pull
The stepping stones away that God and truth
Reveal while giving us some glimpse of heaven.
For if they dare, not only one, but ten
Inexorable Cromwells will pour in,
And, like the Lisbon earthquake in its rage,
Will slay their thousands as the penalty.
Why is it superstition's mildewed air
So wraps the world in shadow, that frail folk,
As numbers are, will kiss the prelate's hand
Rather than think the honest thoughts of man?
They gather palls and mitres, stoles of gold,
Gewgaws of plated ware to catch the eye,
Symbols in multitude to wake the sense,
And will not, with their consciousness divine,
Look onward farther than their finger point.

O vengeful Cromwell!—just as Joshua came
To do God's bidding, with a sword unsheathed,
And tears and blood and ruin swept the land

For disobedience, for that hellish love
Of things infernal—when our Maker's gifts,
In marvelous fulness, bade us look to Him—
Thou great enigma of the modern age,
Thou standest as a warning to the world.
Here man, uneducated to true life,
Walks with his senses closed, and giddy shame
And bigotry run riot to their doom,
As 't was with Europe when thy sceptred arm
Struck sore and deep and sharp—when once for all
State prelacy, the centuries' last disgrace,
Had to fall back and eat its gangrened food;
When thou didst plume the torch of liberty,
And warn the crafty nations not to dare
Tear down this talisman or blood should flow.

Old Britain, love the name that gave thee life,
And young America, list with keen ears—
Nor let ecclesiast nor charlatan
Presume to drag him down whose honored name
Is yet a virgin tower of strength for those
Who wish to spread God's gospel o'er the world.
The jobbernowls are gathering in the courts,
And strive to keep thee hidden out of sight;
But truth shall conquer. Honored be Carlyle,
Who laid thy life in full before the crowds,
Teaching deliverance when the hour is ripe,

Teaching that truth and justice ne'er will die.
No sham religious stock in trade was thine,
No hypocritic leer, no lying tongue,
As foes will dare maintain—no maudlin airs,
But a keen sense of justice, stern and true;
Sharp as the needle, cutting as the sword.

O Cromwell, there be with us crooked men,
Compound of pharisee and pessimist,
With oily tongue to blabber rapidly
And hide their ignorance—who jump to power
And keep the Jupiter stride thro' kneeling crowds,
Breeding quick fever for their own destruction.
No patriot zeal allures them on their way—
But rather how much money can they make,
Or how best tide the prurient side of things
To guile men's fancy, throwing nets around,
With swinish leer, oft from the Bacchus stall
And perjured shrine—that the poor fools who read,
But will not think, may proffer them their vote,
Put them in place, then curse themselves for shame.

Yes, History speaks with sacredness and awe
Of Cromwell's mission. And the Almighty One
Who sent thee here, gave lesson for all time
That when Diabolism grinds us sore
Through church or state, and the long weary crowd
Of Heaven's own children are crushed down like slaves,
God will speak vengeance through a man like thee.

MARTIN LUTHER.

LOVED and illustrious name that time endears!
A world gives welcome, born of joys and tears.
Beloved of God, endowed to do His will.
Beloved of man, his cup of joy to fill.
Guardian of peace upon the world's highway,
Awakening nations to a brighter day.
Thy torch bade medieval night retire.
Thy thought awakened being's best desire.
For Freedom threw her laurels at thy feet,
And earth's oppressed found there a mercy-seat,
Seeking the Book of Life, that all might read,
And gather in some fruitage from the seed.

Bathed in the sunshine that thy work has wrought,
The right of private judgment crowns our thought,
And thus, ennobling, sways the world for good,
And lauds our plea for human brotherhood.
Thus, till a brighter day dawns on the world,
And Christ's one flag be everywhere unfurled,
O Titans of the earth, protect the seed!
Thank God for freedom, though the purse may bleed!

JOHN KNOX.

SCOTLAND, behold him well who knew thy worth,
And made thee great and loved o'er all the earth,
Who pulled the medieval barriers down,
And gave an open Bible for thy crown;
Who made thy name a passport o'er all lands
Where Scotsmen tread with willing hearts and hands.
Illustrious name! o'er all the world enshrined
In hearts that know the grandeur of the mind.
When superstition paled before thy sight,
And Scotia looked to thee for living light,
When thou to her wast all—O in that hour
What radiance filled the nations from thy power!
For Peace soon followed thee with angel grace,
At Wisdom's call, to take her destined place.
And we to-day look on the mellowed light,
And thank our God it is no longer night.

What strength and sturdiness, brave Knox, are found
In hearts that plough thy rich and classic ground!
For, as a name superne that never dies,
Thy victories stimulate us to emprise,
Where in the onset ignorance goes down,
And freedom, life and light possess the crown.

No sense of hazard daunted thy career,
Thy thought, resistless, flashed without a fear,
And sank within the furrows of the mind,
To blossom in new Edens for our kind—
That when our children, fainting by the way,
Seek rest and strength from conflict thro' the day,
Go to the Book, and know that it is free,
Their highest converse oft will turn to thee.

O Liberty, wrapped in thy robe of light!
Blest are the hearts that know thee in thy might.
Within the sunshine that thy work has wrought
The wide expanse is opened to our thought,
And Scotland points to KNOX as one bright name
That called thee forth to spread the sacred flame—
Freedom to read the precious Word of God,
Freedom to speak the truth on every sod,
To open up the ample wealth of mind,
To break the fetters of all human kind;
Bid faith, intelligence and reason reign,
And thus lift man to his appointed plane.
So wrought John Knox, and as the years unfold
They write the story on a cloth of gold,
That all may look and learn, and wiser grow,
Where Peace and Liberty their wealth bestow.

THE HEAVENS.

WHAT avenues of joy are found
Within the astronomic round
Of Nature, chastened with the stars
Traveling the spaces, like the cars
Of the Creator, all arrayed
In lustre He Himself hath made,
The concave glistening in the dress
Like a sweet robe of righteousness.
How grandly beautiful the sun
That, bridegroom like, sets out to run
His race, and in the gorgeous east
Throws flakes of gold impearled and drest
In circling waves of ruby light,
And shows his advent o'er the night!

Ah, little know the unthinking crowd
The beauty, loveliness endowed
Within the heavens when holy Night
Draws forth her mantle, and the bright
Effulgence of a throne divine,
Piercing the azure as a mine
Of richest gold, falls on the soul,
And hints of some celestial goal.

To cultivate a pleasing grace,
And pleasing manners, turn your face
Betimes to quiet country scenes,
And grasp the wealth that intervenes
In rustic arts, but far above—
O symbol of divinest love!
Through the pellucid air the zones
Flame out with rapture in their tones.
Still Lyra fills the heavens with sound,
While Hydra trails the nether ground.
Still Ophiuchus grasps the Snake,
And plants his foot on Scorpio's neck.
See poor Andromeda in chains,
While Perseus, lover-like, still deigns
To give deliverance: still his sons
Arcturus leads; Orion runs
His race; and thus the galaxies
Forever sail the eternal seas.

Resplendent heavens! what grand acclaim
Rings at the mention of your name!
Assyria, Egypt, Palestine,
Arabia, and the shores that line
Old Medius Terra. Still we see,
Dear Greece, thy noblest progeny,
Beyond the amethystine sea,

Proof that in pristine years thy great,
Translated to celestial state,
Left trophies for our modern seers,
That ring the anthems of the years.
Rome called us homo from the ground,
But anthropos made thee renowned.
And grave philosophers assign
Thy grandeur verged on the divine.

GOOD NATURE THE ESSENCE OF LIFE.

Good nature is the sauce of life,
And gives to every man and wife
A tonic with their daily bread,
An honest truth too little said.
While with a tincture of good sense
It proves a fortress of defence.
With these two marvels may be done,
They throw a radiance like the sun,
And fortunate the man who steers
His vessel where their light appears.
Such men are never out of sorts,
Their storehouse fits them their retorts.

They bear their daily repartee,
Just suited to the day's degree.
And when they mount the rostrum—well,
What votive crowds around them swell!
And give them plaudits for their thought,
E'en though they blunder—though a spot
May jar the argument. Men like
A fluent preacher apt to strike.
Those moral saddlebags who climb
The platform, who pause for a time—
Then stop and stop, as if some log
Bumped sorely on their theologue—
Arrest our pity more than those
Whose college diet is a dose
Of little Latin and less Greek,
But grandly earnest when they seek
In crowded houses to explore
Their theme, and roll it o'er and o'er:
And where the rhetoric rises strong,
And sends a dread within the throng,
From fear the speaker cannot hold
The climax gracefully, behold
He clinches some abortive thing
In undertone, then gives a ring—
AMEN! and loud amens resound.
The speaker smiles, and holds his ground.

So have we seen, nor should condemn
The plots men lay to comfort them
In straits like these—not ne'er so bad
As Wall street brokers, margin mad,
Who hold their place at church and school
While they can keep their coffers full.

O life, thou art a checkered thing!
We take the honey, take the sting;
We love the candid Christian, true,
And though we do not care a cue
For driveling Dives in his lust,
We flatter till he downs the dust.
Then if he likes to go in peace,
He's lucky if all scandals cease.

THE TEACHER'S OFFICE.

TEACHERS are sadly wanted in our midst—
Men, women, gifted with the powers of knowing,
Who gauge the riches of a pure humility;
Who speak with eyes and ears as well as tongue,
Who in their every movement preach a sermon—
Whose actions, graceful as the running brooks,
Still breathe a consciousness of sweet devotion.
The world needs teachers like good St. Pierre,

Large in philanthropy, in peace secure,
A friend in poverty to make men rise,
A guide in affluence to keep men watchful.
He passed from earth as one going on a journey.

Good teachers never fail in gifts of prescience,
An insight grounded on nice observation.
The envied gift of statesmen and of courts.
Those slippery speakers pranking on the hustings,
Or those obstreperous charlatans in the pulpit—
Or sycophants who flush you into favor
In most unheard of paths—resort to cozenage
As insects court the sun—they fatten on it.
The question prompts, is this their place in nature?

There is a little plant within the valley
That eaten speedily takes out the poison,
And the brute, strengthened, goes again to battle.
So Nature deals with each one of her children.
She helps them over stiles and difficulties,
That with experience they may hold their vantage.
A few make headway, and eliminate
The unsexual element in all their labors,
And on the generalization build foundation,
Nor will the fall of dynasties unhinge them.
These, poor or rich, are far-seeing kings and loyal,
And peacefully tide many a nation onward
By wisdom, art, and precious literature.

EPIMETHEUS.

I CAME a spirit from another sphere,
To view the earth, as law of my estate
Entitled me, and, as I touched its zone,
Passed through new life, and grew as does the flower,
Yet in a richer mold and nobler frame.
Here walk I really in a spiritual world,
With eyes half spiritual, as all men's are,
To sweep the compass suited to my being.
These planets, training schools of the Divine,
For His immortal children, are ensphered
In the eternal embrace of His love.
Thus as the seasons roll, and years creep round
My intuitions ripen, and I find
I soon must change this scene for other worlds.
Earth gave to me its share of bliss and bale.
But when I analyzed this thing called sin
And its dire progeny, I cried for shame,
And left the lap of woe for joy's embrace.
Large hosts here covet woe, and call earth hell,
And speak God infamous whose name is love.
They wassail in a thousand goblin fears,
That murder, lust and venom have their way.

Earth is a paradise to me, though poor
In earthly phrase; they surely are not rich
Who fence with perfidy while eating gold.
I cannot violate my charter deed,
For Nature scorns it; and, thus, isolate,
I see my children sailing round the sands
Where avarice and intrigue ply their nets,
And pray that Heaven may watch them as they steer
Their vessel onward.

MILTON.

IN early life, ere Fancy led my steps,
Or Wisdom looked with her abstersive eye,
I wondered at a presence near my side—
’Twas but a picture, rude and strangely lined,
Like seraph standing at the eternal gate,
And peering inward for some revelation.
Day after day I ran with reverent haste
To the large volume that adorned the shelves—
Opening the book with awed and chaste delight,
And kissed those eyes that seemed to look in mine.
Then, closing guardedly the page, I thought
That some day I might see the antitype,
And read the secret of those spiritual fires.

The welcome years rolled on, and I would steal
Rich moments now and then—the stress of life
Would not yield more—to watch thy master hand,
Majestic Milton, now at length revealed,
Portray in awful grandeur fearful scenes—
Wondering intensely how thy finite mind
Could speak of Satan and the fiery hosts
As some spectator, view the venomous ire
Of Moloch and of Belial that pulsed hell
From centre to its bound, and still come back
And reason with thy fellows. Then the grace
That marked thy plain description of our sires
In Paradise—how charmed, how beautiful!
The calm and honest virtue of thy soul
To speak of scenes like these, like one inspired:
As if, a welcome guest, thou didst partake
Of all their joys, feel their remorse for sin,
And suffer somewhat of the penalty.

Great archpriest of the poets, thy renown
Circles the earth like some rich argosy
Scattering elysian gifts in every clime,
Showing the largesses of thy right hand,
That peoples stand aloof, and in the light
Of thy rapt glory wonder and admire,
Yet trench not on thine awful solitude.

O Milton, seers have spoken out at last,
And point to such as thee as God's high priests
In Nature's temple, who go out and in
With incense, and the accompaniment of airs
Celestial, and the olive branch of peace.
And through the flowing years the jubilant throngs
Of Wisdom's noblest children still acclaim
Thee honor for thy grace of purity,
The glory of thy darling Paradise—
And thy regard for that supernal Spirit
Who gave thee double vision for the loss
Of earthly sight—of whom it may be said
That thou didst speak with Him as with a friend.

DRYDEN.

To trace the genius of a charming plot
Oft needs some portion of the author's thought—
For, Dryden, most who search a mind like thine
Seem but as pigmies wandering near the shrine.
Yet all thy frailties (which thou didst confess)
Cannot gainsay the character and dress

Which marked thy fame in classic learning's halls,
And gave our language fortresses and walls.

Well may the critics, when they take the pen
And write the records of earth's noble men—
Tracing the currents of the soaring mind
In all their aspect, errantry and kind—
View and admire the grand and stately pace
Thy mellowed diction holds throughout the race:
The ease and grace and majesty sublime
Re-echoing sweetly in the robust rhyme,
And leaving such a pleasure on the sense
That all acknowledge the vast competence.

Nor is it fit that he who writes these lines
Should throw one word of censure, like the whines
Of musk-fed moralists, who drink, then jeer
At the rank odor of the atmosphere.
Enough to say that thou didst nobly give
Our language room and liberty to live,
And show the nations marching in the light
That Anglo-Saxon had peculiar light,
From the prehensile forces at her call,
To hold prevailing dominance o'er all.

Entering in early life the temple gate
That points a passage to the truly great,
Strange was the circumstance that bade me steer
My thoughts within the orbit of your sphere.

How oft when loneliness oppressed me sore
I turned your genial pages o'er and o'er,
And to the sweet "Veni Creator" turned,
When, lo! new fire within my bosom burned.
As ripened years brought reason's realm to view,
The "Country Parson's" character I knew.
The "Hind and Panther" caught me in the throng,
And gave me pleasure like an even song.
Your fables, satires, dramas, formed a key
That oped the world to many a mystery.
To you blind Milton held the noblest pen
As poet, far above all other men.
And at a time when morals were so weak,
None but a hero would thus dare to speak.

Tame and prosaic all, we stand aloof,
And cannot see you in your native proof;
Nor need the world throw stones—for greater bliss
God never set on nations than on this.
And so accustomed are we to the boon
Of liberty, that right and wrong too soon
Are woven in one garment, and the threads
Are fraying strangely in their silver beds.
It may be, Dryden, Charles the Second's time
Could hardly match our tournament of crime.
But seers and sages—thinking men—abound
Whose earnest and endeavor is to found

Sound government in every human soul,
And give wise Anglo-Saxons the control.

Brooklyn, 1895.

COWPER.

Who loves not Cowper, poet of the heart!
He writes as if he sits beside us now.
We hear him speak, we see his mother's picture,
And he is looking at it full of tears.
Now he is preaching on the rights of man,
Both white and black. Behold his earnestness
As he dilates on Freedom. See him touch
The minister, the judge, the profligate,
As in a painting. See the gentle home
Smiling in rapture from the poet's pencil.
Yes, Cowper is a poet of fine mold,
Simple and tender as a teacher should be.
His thought is practical for honest men,
His sympathies are broad for all his fellows,
His manner winning for the multitude.
A genuine child of Nature, here he came,
And played his part so well that fleeting Time
Still pays him spousal.

ON REV. DR. DILLER

WHO PERISHED FROM BURNS RECEIVED IN DESTRUCTION
OF STEAMER "SEAWANHAKA."

BELOVED friend, how dreadful was thy death
To human eye! And yet not so to thee;
For He who sent thee knew thine every breath,
And what the purpose of thy life should be.
The raging flame embraced thee, and its seal
Forever crowns thy name in God's own commonweal.
Because thy heart was large, we miss thee more:
Rare honesty and effort marked thy way.
O how Distress would wander to thy door,
And tears and night be changed to smiles and day.
The young and old who looked upon thy face
Had nought but happiest word for such refreshing
grace.
For both thy face and speech told this to man
In words so plain they might not be gainsayed.
That thou didst walk with God, that thou didst plan
Under His wings wherewith to heal and aid
Thy fallen fellows on life's battle field.
God kept thee for Himself under His mighty shield.

Thus—like the sainted seer of olden time

Who in the flaming chariot stepped for heaven—

So did thy Father call thee in thy prime:

The lustre of thy life to us is given.

And in its sunshine we can live and learn

Ten thousand precious things for which wise spirits
yearn.

O Storm, dread visitant, yet not in vain!

Thou carriest smiles, though compassed oft with
tears.

Thine eye has rapture—but we shrink with pain

At thy too near approach upon our years.

Lord, give us faith, in all these transient moods,

To love Thee as Thou art with all Thy store of goods.

GAZA.

A truth of one of our large workshops in New York.

TWELVE days did I grind hard at Gaza prison,

Where the proud Philistines set up their tools

And implements of war, and the rooms reeked

With feculent odors, and the slimy floors

And purulent atmosphere smelt of grim Death.

There stood the martyrs in the nauseous pens—

Where the hours rolled like an eternity—

So unaccustomed to the air of heaven,
That, when God sent the light-winged zephyrs forth,
The windows shut to rapidly as if Hell
Were on the rampage; and the hacking cough,
And pale and sombre visage, and dry tears,
With flakes of sputa floating in the gloom,
Midst ghastly laugh and noxious gases—all
Told of a race of white slaves yet on earth,
Cursed by King Mammon to disease and shame.
The cruel Philistines looked in and laughed
At the poor helots gasping for their breath,
And conjured how a further ten per cent,
Might be adroitly fleeced without suspicion.
There were young Jezebels attired in paint,
Hot in their maledictions, whose sly oaths
Like scimetars would pierce the putrid air;
And men who erst showed on their pensive brows
Beauty and genius, now depraved and base
As Sodom in its fall.

I cried out sore with pain, and my limbs dull'd,
And my knees smote together—that I paced
Like restless lion watching for my life,
And oped the windows wide that heaven's sweet air
Might bathe my temples; but the sickly horde
Cried out in horror as the wheeze and hiss

Of strangulation rattled in their throats;
While some sought alcohol to feed their thirst,
Some used the opiate for to still the sense,
And, rushing by me, cursed the blessed breeze,
Shutting out all its fragrance in their ire.
Mine eye grew livid, and my heart-beat failed,
Just like a dying victim's, that I rushed—
Maddened with weight of torture and resolve—
Out to the outer world—when Nature came
With richest festival of odorous winds;
And from the swelling cloud the laughing rain
Fell on me like a sea in its weird joy.
Apollo lent me his celestial wings,
And the medicaments of heaven infused
Their juices in my system, and exhaled
The deadly poison.

Shame, Civilization! shame, that human lives
Are forfeited to suit thy golden talons!—
That God's delicious air is kept from man,
And hateful vice creeps in to fill the void
In our large mints of labor, and the buds
Of pestilence throw off their million shoots,
And weakness plants her heritage of pain.
Shame that Cupidity still rules the world
With a great whip of iron, and beats down

The simple sons and daughters of our race!
The day of reckoning hastes, and not too soon.

ARTHUR CHESTER.

He came unknown, an earnest man,
To open out an earnest quest.
In silent method o'er his plan
He moved—an uninvited guest.

Few wrought so nobly—wrought so well;
No failures could his courage shake;
Nor can the human heart e'er tell
His sufferings for his Master's sake.

What were his hopes, his doubts, his fears?
Men little knew, or understood.
And yet the wisdom of his years
Proved that he knew the power of good.

His rights, his wrongs he left with God,
While hurrying millions passed him by;
Then fell beneath disaster's rod,
And, like a hero, dared to die

He nursed no trophy of his fame,
Though from the grave he snatched a soul;
And that young heart will love his name,
And place it high on Memory's roll.

This be his record then—nor earth
Can give a nobler one to day;
He solved one mystery of his birth,
And in its radiance passed away.

The Rev. Arthur Chester, founder of the Bushwick Avenue
Congregational Church, Brooklyn, fell manfully at his post, November
12th, 1889, in the forty-third year of his age.

GENIUS.

IF Genius be dead, then am I grieved,
For she bears noblest imprint of a sphere
Superior to the woes and wants of man.
This flash of Genius is the flash of God,
Robed in His wreath of holiness—a breath
That not the reasoning of a thousand schools
Demonstrates else than that she came from Heaven.
But as Prometheus stole the sacred fire,
So Genius sometimes grovels on a plane
Quite foreign to her soil, and minds grow black
And hideous with the leprosy of death.

Such have I known, and care not to embrace,
Or pick the jewels shining in the mire.
When Genius marries Lust she forfeits Love,
And little itching minds go gathering weeds
To shield their infamy and save their name.
Exalted Genius, this then be thine aim
To give new eyes to man, that he may see
The grandeur of his being, and resolve
To build his fellows in the love of God.

Phila., '92.

MIND.

In the pantheon of mind
What a wealth is there enshrined!
What an empire in its power!
In its appanage and dower,
In its sovereignty of will,
Its invention and its skill.
What a prescience marks the whole!
Stamping Godhood on the soul.
What a telescopic ken
Piercing in the hearts of men!
Down in intuition's well,
Deeper than the tongue may tell.

What a force to conquer time!
What a universe to climb!
Wondrous mind, unmeasured, free!
Emblem of Eternity.

ECCE VITA.

LET no man tell me this is death or woe
When once my mantle drops within the ground.
Love, nature, wisdom shame us at the sound.
There is eternity within the flow
Of my gradation in my upward climb,
Where years are never numbered, nor the rhyme
Of suns and cycles weary as I go.
An inner anthem whispers of my life.
This is my heritage, that hierophants—
Who lack the wisdom even of the ants—
Dare to condemn beneath their load of strife.
While thus I live, upbuilding all the way,
And soar the galleries of my Father's house
With tread celestial, myriads like the mouse
Go creeping in dark holes, and live their day.
Be this their embassy, it is not mine.
I give my heaven-born faculties full play.
There is no dissonance in their divine.

They bear the impress of the Master hand
That framed the earth 'mid music, whose grand thrill
Flashed into being man with God crowned will,
The coronet of the Divine command.
This, then, is life, yet man, how strange to tell,
Strives night and day to make this heaven a hell.

SONGS OF BONNIE SCOTLAND.

COME, gather the harvest of song—do it well,
To enliven the hurrying throng.
There are thousands around us who find earth a hell
For the want of some sunshine and song.
The hard-working man at the close of the day,
Homeward bound from his big labor pen,
Looks up with delight as he hears on his way
“’Tis the March of the Cameron men.”
The songs of the soul are the zephyrs of God.
Give them room then to blossom within.
How often has “Auld Lang Syne” lifted the rod,
And scattered the virus of sin!
How often has “Robin Adair” lit the face!
Or the “Blue Bells” and “Bonnie Dundee.”

There's the famed, happy "Huntingtower," brimful
of grace,

And e'en "Duncan Gray" has his glee.

Why, songs such as this ever charm human kind,

"I lo'e nae a laddie but ane."

"Annie Laurie," "The Campbells are comin'," we find

Form some pathways that drive away pain.

"Lass o' Gowrie," or "Land o' the Leal," "Kelvin
Grove,"

"Tullochgorum," so manly and free.

"The Bridge at Loch Lomond," that lyric of love,

Or that sweet winning fay "Bide a Wee."

An ounce of good song scatters many a frown,

O preacher of grace give it room!

The child of true labor is worthy his crown,

Let him know the full wealth of his loom.

We have each a reserve for the day of unrest.

Bring it forth then and tell of its worth.

That man is a hero who gives of his best

To make brighter some homestead on earth.

IDEA.

GIVE me an idea—I will frame the rest.
I can raise a palace on the ocean's crest.
I can clothe the desert in the sweetest green,
Making flowers immortal blossom on the scene.
With the rift of letters running on the street
There shall rise a glory exquisite and neat.

But it naught avails me such an idle theme.
O thou soul immortal this were but a dream.
Rise and view thy bounty boundless as the skies,
Other worlds await thee in thy Paradise.
Other doors are open in the starry realm,
Duty bids thee enter—God is at the helm.

Go, thou child of glory, view thy grand abode.
Earth is but a chamber in the house of God.
Myriad worlds await thee eloquent with song.
Life's eternal river bears thy bark along.
Clothed with Godlike freedom, hold, O man, thy place,
And in the Saviour's beauty behold the Father's face.

THE QUESTION.

MEN beseech me, as I wander up and down the
thoroughfares,

Why is all this pain of living? why are we hemmed
in by cares?

And my answer, like a vision rising from my inmost
soul,

Tells them never to be daunted—God will open up
the roll.

Let them do their best, I tell them; everything is
bright and clear.

Live for truth, and love, and duty, and God's plan
will then appear.

There is nothing grander, nobler in the field of life
than this—

Let man live up to his being—he will rarely go
amiss.

What the thorns and ills he meets with, but the rod
to keep in place!

What the dangers that surround him, but a gauntlet
for the race!

O look deep within, my brother; He who made you
meets you there,

And as He unfolds His teaching, you will know the
worth of care.

DIVINE DEMANDS OF GENIUS.

THOU art a monarch laden well with gifts,
That pale all gold and silver in their worth.
'Tis vain to say that iron circumstance
Has hedged and crushed thee like a paving stone.
'Tis vain to say affliction blurred the light,
Or appetite and passion clogged thy steps.
'Tis mean to say some master in thy trade
Has fouled thee of thy birthright. Look within.
Revolve it all—perhaps thou then mayst see
That in his place thou wouldst do much the same.
O what a narrow reasoner is man!
Falling a victim to a weak will power,
And cursing all the world for his misdeeds.
Give birth to some grand thought whose mellowed
truth
Shall bless the nations, and in briefest time
A host of vultures fly around your head,
And call you robber, liar and silly knave.
The weak-kneed thinker quickly holds his peace,
And shuts the valve of genius; but the wise,
Conscious of right in Nature's motherhood,
Go onward bravely through the incessant rain
Of defamation and the bolts of hate,

And know their mission grandly—truth or death.
No halting in opinion as their life,
Plain and severe, stands out in rugged lines.
And so the battle year and year goes on,
For God has tempered Justice with a blade
To do His bidding in the thousand lines
Where He calls man to live and be a man.

FREEDOM.

FREEDOM, freedom, blessed word !
Sweetest music ever heard !
How the hearts of men are stirred
At the joyous sound !
Ring the anthem round the year !
Shout it loud that all may hear !
Give God's message fitting cheer
All the world around.

Up, ye freedom loving race !
Give old honest truth a place.
Let no tyranny deface
God's best gift to you.
Up for justice and for light,
Guard the public school aright,
That no medieval night
May again ensue.

Let the precious light prevail.
Never was it known to fail.
Superstition's face grew pale
 'Neath its vivid ray.
Nelson at Trafalgar view,
Wellington at Waterloo,
Dewey's famous victory, too,
 At Manila Bay.

Man has rights he must maintain,
Rights of being—nerve and brain,
Rights that grow as grows the grain
 In the bracing wind.
Shall we let our light decline ?
No, but make it brighter shine.
There is wealth that is divine
 In the human mind.

No more slavery for man.
Let him labor, think and plan,
Let him round life's little span
 With his noblest power.
Onward, upward, if he dare !
Give him room for work and prayer.
Tell him he need not despair
 With his God-given dower.

Hark, ye weary, care-engrossed !
Liberty is worth the cost.
Craven heart speaks freedom lost.

Let it not be yours.
Strike the hated monster down
That would dare destroy our crown !
Freedom is our sole renown,
Freedom still endures.

Wave, ye banners of the free !
Bearing life and liberty
Over every land and sea ;
And beneath your fold
Pledged we stand to do the right,
Looking to our God for sight,
That, with freedom's hallowed light,
We shall ne'er be sold.

THE WORKSHOP.

Go to our workshops if you would be wise,
For there you study man in multitude
In briefest time—the price he has to pay
That he may breathe existence—God-given life—
The pain he suffers for simplicity,

The scorn of men who walked the same arena,
But, from sad memories, draw an iron veil
To hide their past existence, so unlike
The gentle Nazarene, who walked the road
To cheer his weaker brother, and to point
The eternal truth, that though the physical frame
Fall in the conflict, the brave heart need not.
Thus crowning man with godlike majesty.

O for far seeing teachers, doubly trained
To sweep the skirts of office, and probe well
The house of labor where the toilers dwell—
How oft like slaughter houses, dingy dens,
No ventilation, no beloved light
Of the beloved sun to clear the air;—
Where in its absence Defamation rolls
Its filthy tongue sodden in drunkenness
And low debauchery,—where oath obscene
Revels in constant thunder.

An honest teacher must go oft with men
Of all shades and conditions, while his worth
Must hold its station—for it is but truth
That wisdom gathers pearls in every clime.
So man must hoard, and sift, and wiser grow.
The harder circumstance will force the fight,
The better for him.

FREEDOM'S GIFT TO THE WORLD.

A TRIBUTE TO THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

TO MR. ROBT. WATERS, author of "Intellectual Pursuits," etc.,
after a close friendship of over fifty years.

HAIL, glorious gospel of the age
That speaks of peace to man !
That opens o'er his pilgrimage
The wealth of Nature's plan,
Where love and mercy throw their light
To make us wiser grow,
And men as brothers may unite
For Ruin's overthrow.

CHORUS.

Kind Freedom's gift, the Public School,
Long may her banner wave !
The youth that best respects her rule
Will never be a slave.

O'er this broad earth, in honor's name,
Our fathers, crushed by wrong,
Rang out the interlude of shame,
And filled the world with song.

And through their zeal we march to day
In Nature's grand domain,
We scatter knowledge on our way,
The conquest over pain.

Ye valiant sons of valiant sires
Be firm and strong to-day !
For you fair Freedom lights her fires,
For you she deigns to stay.
A thousand peoples wait the hour
That calls you to their shore ;
You hold the talisman of power,
With rich reserves in store.

No more shall weakness rule our kind
To incarnate a creed,
No more shall shame and fury blind
Our hearts to those that bleed.
We hold our conscience to the light,
Where all may see its worth ;
Then pledge ourselves to do the right
In face of all the earth.

Rouse, freemen, with the light of years,
Let truth and wisdom shine ;
Go, quench the tide of blood and tears,
And work for the divine.

Keep bright the patriot's holy flame,
That all hearts may rejoice,
And, while they lisp God's hallowed name,
May learn to know His voice.

MY GIFT.

ONE autumn night, when the angry wind
Brought savage sheets of rain,
A joy of a soft and human kind
Came from heaven, the bliss of pain.
In the wild delight of that tempest night,
With its sob and sough of the sea,
Our home was filled with a chastened light
In the gift that God gave me.

A zephyr lighted near my side,
A tender little thing,
Who, when she saw our planet, cried,
Nor could be made to sing.
We clothed the little angel form
In robes of purest white,
Then blessed our Maker in the storm
For the joy He brought that night.

A darling babe, a beauteous flower,
Was mine to bless and love;
A paragon from Beauty's bower,
She was our turtle-dove.
Kind nature decked her winsome face
With Hebe's roseate ray,
And so we daily loved the grace
That, Heaven-born, came to stay.

Her seraph form, her dark, deep eyes—
Unfathomed crystal wells—
Would daily bring me rich emprise,
And ring life's happy bells.
The sapphire day, the sombre night,
Vale, forest, fount and fell—
All blessed the little household light
That God had made so well.

O'er savage rocks and silver brooks
We traveled oft together;
Cares and caresses were the books
We read all kinds of weather;
I fondled her in smiles and tears,
O life, how fair and free!
And she laughed aloud, for there were no fears
In the gift that God gave me.

I looked in the future, I longed, I prayed,
I was jealous of time's great speed;
For her life was a garden, whose darkest shade
Served to succor poor hearts that bleed.
While her step carried sweetness and grace to all,
And her air was so winning and wise,
That I knew right well no evil thrall
Ever darkened her paradise.

And still she lives, and I hold her hand,
And kiss her again and again,
For the years creep on, and the widening land
May shadow her joys, and then—
Ah, stay, foolish, heart! for the self-same Power
That reigns o'er the land and sea,
Looks tenderly after my beautiful flower,
The gift of His love to me.

THE COMPOSITOR.

JACQUES was a man who lived a life of toil
In dark, unhealthy office, and yet loved
The life God gave him—a plain, honest man.
He married young, and Time seemed doubly swift
In his reminders of the marriage vow.

For children flocked to bless the little home
With happy laughter, and their winning ways
Stole round him like a march of merry music.
A rounded soul was his—for trial pruned
All rough excrescences of moral kind,
And left him sympathy to help his friends—
For all were such, whether in hue or kind.

One day—one of the happiest in the year—
Jacques whistled joyfully as click, click, click
The types fell in his stick—when suddenly
The door flew back, revealing such a face
As poets sometimes picture, of a soul
All but deserted both by God and man.
There stood Lucille, the printer's fondest child,
Who whispered in his ear, then on the floor
Fell forward in a faint. We brought her to.
Oh, God, that such should be! O cruel fate!
The father looked upon his child, and died.
I lifted up his head, and kissed his cheek,
And pressed the tender blossom of his heart
Close to my own—then to the mother's arms
Placed the frail treasure—limpid, cold in death.
Long years have flown since then, and I have paced
The avenues of earth, seeking her joys.
And in the retrospect here comes poor Jacques,

For I wrought long time with him, and look back
With sweetest recollection to those hours
When we set types together, and long played,
While waiting for our copy, till our eyes
Far in the night sank on the arm of Sleep.
And though my office calls me now to preach
The love of God to man, I love to meet
The patient printer, and to cheer him on;
And scorn those dotards that will dare deny
Such noble craft, as some poor weaklings do.
Thank God I was a printer!—that I learned
In my vocation how to set up men
As knights upon the chessboard, and to gaze
Upon them as they paced their daily round,
Acting their character as sure as life,
That all their genuflexions could not dare
To cheat me of a proper estimate.

MY WIFE.

Buffalo, August 13th, 1888.

My wife, my little English wife,
The sweet and solace of my life,
Afar from home, with cares beset,
To day I weave a coronet
For thee, and place it on thy head,
A wreath for years that long have fled—

Of roseate years, that showed the prime
Of life's best essence, when my rhyme
Ran like the brook, and spoke thy praise
In madrigals and marriage lays.
Within this simple coronet
I place what still is sweeter yet—
The years of trial thou hast borne
Since first Love blew his bugle-horn,—
Life opening sweetness to thy sight,
While dancing Joy and darksome Night
Would rob dame Nature of her claim
Without a conscious word of blame.
Those years have passed, yet vain the thought
That Life has loomed his brightest lot.
The swelling tide of seasons roll,
And bears new joys for every soul.
Succeeding Time yields fresh increase
Of soothing hope and sacred peace,
And thou mayst gather at his shrine
Joys more exalted, more divine.

My wife, my little winsome wife,
The load of care allied with life
That harasses the lot of all
Gave gentle portion in its fall
Since first we met; yet fool were I
To disagree with, or deny

The right of nature to her own.
It may be that the seed thus sown
Swept off the wantonness and waste
That threatened us—demure and chaste,
Shut out the vampires of the soul,
That stifle in their hideous roll
A myriad throng—but Providence
Knew well the childhood of our sense,
And chased us with the charm and chain
Of praise and passion to our gain.

It must be so, I well believe—
Our intuitions can't deceive—
The school of suffering has a charm
That weaves affection, sweet and warm;
And it was meet that we should tread
Her courts awhile, then, onward led
By nobler knowlege, fill a sphere
Our Maker garnished for us here,
Where Chastity assumes the rein,
Nor ever finds her counsels vain.

You speak of changes I may meet
When homeward I shall turn my feet,
That set me thinking o'er my lot,
When, in the spectrum of my thought,
Arose a flower of loveliest birth,
That speaks of purer joys than earth,

Who dwells with you, and I can hear
Love whispering anthems in her ear.
I know 'tis mother Nature's voice;
She, too, has bade me long rejoice.
Nor will I challenge her demand
That I should give my darling's hand
To some brave, true and loyal heart.
No: He who blessed her in her part
Of faithful daughter, bids her rise
To tread the realms of other skies,
Where new loves, trooping all around,
Shall gladden her with halcyon sound.
God bless her, pure and happy child!
I know that to be reconciled
Is just and noble. Heaven will bless,
And guide her through the wilderness.

My sons: how may I speak of them?
Where can I find a diadem
Fit for my eldest boy, who bore
With firmness clouds that hovered o'er
The little homestead in the night,
And filled each bosom with affright?
Who carefully attuned his lyre
With something of celestial fire,
And saw thine every want supplied,
And his own heart made glad beside.

God tested him, and at a time
That ever makes the act sublime.

And for my youngest son, there meets,
In all the thronged and hurrying streets,
No face so bright, no eye so clear.
Severe in manner, yet a peer
In arts of grace, destined to please,
And meet all shades of life with ease.
His aim is high, and he will find
Within the empire of the mind
Realms like Atlantics, deep and broad,
That speak the mighty power of God.
There may he ever delve and soar
In search of a diviner shore,
And show to men the claim they bear
As children of a Father's care.

And so, this Sabbath afternoon,
When gladsome Nature is in tune
With rapture pulsing all her strings,
I send upon the roseate wings
Of Joy and Peace my meed of love,
With prayer that God may not remove
It from thy heart: He hears our cry,
Nor will He stint us, nor deny.
In Him we live, and on His breast
There is the righteousness of rest.

ON MY DEAR WIFE.

(Nov. 26. 1899.)

My bosom mate is going home,
My mate for over forty years;
And looking upward from the scene,
I look submissive through my tears.

I know that all is well with her;
For, when life's storms began to beat,
God wisely placed her in my way,
And we two found a mercy-seat.

Just at the time when Nature saw
My strength was frail, and weak my will,
We met; but then no thought of love
I felt would e'er my bosom fill.

Nature knew best, and we were wed;
And as the years crept on apace
What conflicts struggled in my breast
To keep me active in the race !

No, God be thanked !—no other name
Could fill the page that He had made.
From mock-heroics I was won,
And life grew brighter from the shade.

Strong to defend, firm to demand

Her rights when justice seemed asleep,—
Her record to her children reads :

“Be true, be vigilant, look deep.”

Dear wife, how gently does she rest !

The very calmness of the skies
Is wrapped about her, and I know
The Hand that gives it never dies.

How kind of God to give her peace!

To soothe with His serener light.
Safe in His keeping she shall live,
And in His mercy all is bright.

She fell gently in sleep, after three years' illness,
December 5, 1899.

RESIGNATION.

THE blessed One, who though unseen

By mortal eye, we often meet,
Declares no foes shall intervene
When we approach the mercy-seat.

Within His ear we pour our plaint;

He listens, fills our hearts with song,
And girds us that we may not faint
While passing through the floods of wrong.

How sweet to watch the wondrous hand
That tends us with a constant care,—
To cast our vision o'er the land
That He has made so bright and fair.

Should evils like a deluge roll,
They dare not touch us where we stand;
There is a joy within our soul,
A guerdon from our Father's hand.

Beloved One, Thy word is peace,
And holy as the perfect day;
And it shall give, without surcease,
All things to comfort on the way.

TO MY OLD POETICAL FRIEND,

JOHN PATTERSON, N. Y.

DEAR Patterson, since Fifty-two,
When we had typo's work to do,
And you and I worked with a will
To reap a nice and handsome bill,
How times have changed, and typos fled
To join the escort of the dead !
Yet some remain, thank Heaven, to show
That man may live and wiser grow,

To be of service to the race.

And so I compliment the CASE.

I never can forswear the debt

I owe the Montreal Gazette.

Where, swaddled in the Calvin stripe,

I started on my virgin type,

With small cap. sidehead, COLERIDGE'S HOUSE

AT KESWICK—while a playful mouse

Ran o'er the case time and again,

And kept me happy in my den.

Some four years after, when we met,

How New York's Babel made me fret!

But not for long—the printers made

Each day some jest or pasquinade

That set us wild—you may recall

How soap, tobacco, type and ball

Whizzed by our heads, swept through the air.

When lo, Mac comes!—all still as prayer.

How kindly Time has flown since then!

How mother-like the regimen

She mapped for us, that we might fare

Well at her table, and prepare

Some thought and work to cheer mankind,

Uphold the birthright of the mind—

The noblest, holiest work e'er given

To questioning man this side of Heaven.

Two of our workmates still remain
To bless the world, and prove its gain.
John Swinton—I recall the man,
Studious and thoughtful, with a span
Of brow, and wizard depth of eye
That gauged much of life's mystery.
His work has been an arduous one
Through press and platform. Many a son
Of Labor will laud Swinton's name,
And find that life is worth the game.
And this is godlike. Our next friend
Is Robert Waters—(and I bend
In reverence to dear Nature's face,
Who smiled upon us at the case
Just fifty-two long years ago)—
God bless him! May his labors glow
With world-wide comfort!—for his thought
As teacher and as author wrought
To lift us to a higher realm,
And keep a firm hand at the helm.

And so, dear John, we need not fear.
Years bring a lustre not austere,
But calm and sweet, and this is best.
God knows His children look for rest.

WOMAN'S TRIBUTE TO CHRISTIANITY.

From address at Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 5, 1888.

Is it fitting to-day that we herald her glory ?

Is it time the war trumpet should hang in the hall ?
Dare we challenge the truth of the marvellous story
That Christ has called woman to rise from the fall ?

As she walks in the light see a tinge of the glamor
The ages stamped on her, still marking her brow.
Go, witness that record, that needs no disclaimer,
Transformed to a trophy of victory now.

She has brought to our notice Gethsemane's passion,
And the price that was paid in that terrible hour,
More expressive than man, whom the mandates of
fashion
Have placed in the front as sole symbol of power.

She has rung in our ears the alarms of the reason,
When stilted by cunning, and duped by its sense;
She has combated levity out of its season,
That we might have substance instead of pretence.

She has walked through the alleys and lanes of our
cities,

And held up a mantle to cover our sin—
Unwearied in vigils, unnerved by false pities,
Her thought but to save us, to succor and win.

She has ransacked the jails, dens of vice, and the
benches

Of court rooms to hide us from malice's blast,
And raised up around us the strongest of trenches
To ward off the pestilence near as it passed.

She has gone in retirement, and there with her Saviour
She prayed for our life as we never could pray,
And arose from her knees, knowing well that the favor
Was granted—to such He could never say nay.

She has placed on her frame the bethrothal of madness,
And worn the insignia of folly and death,
That we might arise to the sunlight of gladness,
And breathe a diviner and holier breath.

She has gone from the palace to dens of dishonor,
To lift up the sister whom we have laid low,
She has loved her, and cleansed her, and, as she
looked on her,
Forgiven us the wrongs of that household of woe.

She has faced wildest elements, fiercest revenges
That nature sends sweeping o'er land or on sea,
And has fallen in death in the midst of exchanges
That spoke of her triumph in making us free.

As the friend of humanity, deep degradation
Through centuries met her with gibe and with scorn,
For the knight-errant gave but a poor demonstration
Of love for the outcast, the weak and forlorn.

When the leeches of passion threw out their attainder,
And threatened to slay, from our weakness of will,
She came with keen instincts, and gave us remainder
Of purpose to gather new triumphs of skill.

When the vices of habit disfigured our seeing.
And respect fled away from the scene of disgrace,
Her love, like the angels, encircled our being
And gave us new impulse to enter the race.

She has mounted the rostrum to gain us protection,
She has filled in the ledger, and led in the school,
Or ascended the throne of a people's affection,
Like Victoria, God bless her!—well fitted for rule.

Yet we harbored the selfish conceit that her wifehood
Had mainly to do with a physical cast,
Seldom rising to know that her life as a priesthood
Was shed as a blessing wherever it passed.

The slave of the home, and the butt of suspicion,
She suffered in silence the bitterest pang;
And now, that her courage has changed her condition,
Let her sing to the Lord loud as Miriam sang.

We have planted the sign of debauch at the corners,
Where the weak and the weary might stumble and
fall—

Coquetted with bribe-takers, liars and suborners,
While our sisters' wise counsel was slighted by all.

We have entered the pulpit, God's message beside us,
And counseled our sister to fly from disgrace:
But, alas! she too often had cause to deride us,
And throw back the taunt in our pharisee face.

She ascends to the garrets, goes deep in the cellars,
And bends o'er the work that our sanction has
wrought—

Knows the hungry and naked, those isolate dwellers,
And the dread retribution that covers their lot.

It is well fitting now, when the marvels of science
Are pointing to dwellers the beauties of earth,
That our sister unite in the sacred alliance,
And thus claim the prestige that springs from her
birth.

The one who with nature holds constant rejoicing,
And in this prerogative warrants her claim,
Gives proof that invisible forces are voicing
Some healthier doctrine, some holier name.

She beseeches that those who profess an adherence
To Christ as the Saviour and friend of the race,
Will sweep as a besom the sign or appearance
Of evils that deaden, defile or debase.

Like Mary, anointing the feet of her Master,
She seeks for His sympathy, grows in His love,
Nor will she believe that an earthly disaster
Can ever this godlike affection remove.

Like Phoebe, she succors and strengthens the failing,
Thus serving the church in the name of the Lord—
Proving largely her mission of love, and unveiling
The wealth that springs up in the field of His word.

Ah, men, little think you the worth of that glory
That crowns you to-day in your hamlets of peace;
You have read many books, but the wonderful story
Of woman's affection will never decrease.

Aware of the genius that struggled within her,
But baffled by forces that pinioned her will,
Through the long dreary ages she stood the breadwinner
For heaven, by turning the wheel at the mill.

Reserve her the right, like the spring or the morning,
To gather the symbols of gladness and peace;
Respect her for counsel—in danger for warning,
And bless her that virtue is on the increase.

Respect the devotion she feels for her Saviour,
For the household is blessed; let the tones of her
voice

Ring aloud; let her sympathy fall as a savour
To raise the downhearted, and make them rejoice.

Restore her the vestments of prudence and patience
Long hid in the deserts of human conceit.

Let them shine in our midst as the two incarnations
That glorify woman, and make her complete.

Make way for her entrance to office and station
That man has disgraced with the bribe and the
sword.

Give her place for distinction and hearty ovation,
Let the gifts of the noble around her be stored.

Make way for her method, her manner of teaching,
Her calm attestation of truth for the soul;

Give her bread for the breaking, the pulpit for
preaching,

Nor challenge large measure of wise self-control.

Bring near her the tribute reaction discloses

All wet with the sorrows and pangs of the night;
Ring out the bridal with incense and roses,
And shower on her garlands of virginal white.

Take away from her hearing, from out of her presence
The sounds and the colors that spoke of her doom;
Lay out on her pathway the unopened lessons
Concealed through the ages, yet wrought in her loom.

Let Genius come forth with her wreath of affection,
And lay it down gracefully where it belongs;
Every heart, every home has some sweet recollection
Of womanly succor and sisterly songs.

Let her name on the door-knobs, the bells of the horses
Declare to the world her achievements for man;
Let her symbols of friendship, like wide water-courses,
Invigorate, beautify, strengthen and span.

Bring the roses of Cashmere, the lilies of Sharon,
The spices Arabia breathes o'er the earth;
Let the fleeces of Thibet and Mexico bear on
Their riches a lustre to gladden her birth.

Go forth, then, ye sisters, preach Christ to the nations,
Take your stand in the pulpit, the press and the
school.

The signs of the seasons ring out with vibrations
That tell us our sisters are training for rule.

LIGHT.

FROM "FALL OF THE GREAT SUPERSTITION."

From my watchtower in the large mission field I have undertaken, where the tide of Passion daily sweeps by with its endless variations of Protestantism, Jesuitism, Eddyism, Zionism, bacchanalianism, etc., I have come to the conclusion that what the earth needs to-day is not the adulterated formulæ of clerical quacks and cunning politicians, but that very first recipe the Almighty was pleased to give in His Divine Pharmacopœia, Let there be LIGHT.

LIGHT, the minister of beauty,
Light, the robe of the Divine,
Grandest thought of the Creator,
Making it His countersign.
Light, the aura of existence,
Wealth so great, unknown its worth,
Falling on the brow of infant
As of wisest of the earth.
Symbolizing in its message
Life, intelligence for all.
Freer than the rain from heaven
In its pure and crystal fall.
Light, blest mandate from the Father,
Blest because He bade it be.
Blest because it forms our bulwark,
Teaching us that mind is free.

Stamped on every fact of nature
As endowment of its right,
Clothing every human spirit—
O the wonders of the light!

In the wealth of this fruition
What a little we can see!
But we know from its relation
That the human heart is free—
That no power on earth dare rivet
Bars and bolts to keep us blind;
That no dogma dare inform us
Light is not for human kind.
Sweetest of all earthly blessings,
Boon of day, and bliss of night,
Is this birthright of our Father
To his loving children—LIGHT !

As we stand upon the threshold
Of the life we fain would know,
Peering far within the temple,
Radiant with celestial glow;
While in deep, unending whispers
Of the Infinite we move,
And around us, ever rising,
Peals the orchestra of love,

Hear the heavenly diapason :

“I have made man for delight.

Life is yours for growth and freedom.

Walk, my children, in the light!”

Sift the names of poets, sages,

All the galaxies of worth,

Look within the realm of being,

See the dawning of the birth.

Reason if you will from fitness,

Watch the tracings of design,

And one vast illumination

Points the hand of the Divine.

No negation mars the purpose

Of an omnipresent will,

Order pressed her seal upon it,

And it bears the impress still.

See those eyes of mother Nature

Infinite with God's delight.

Ever sparkling with His sunshine,

Ever drinking in His light.

Peoples, nations, look around you,

There is room for thought to-day.

Burning truths demand a hearing,

Light is marching on its way.

Man is bounding from the grave-clothes
That have ever kept him poor.
Superstition is retreating,
While light enters at the door.
There is room at length for blessing,
Minds are waking into song.
Everywhere are signs impending
Of the overthrow of wrong.
Yes, a thousand million voices
Ring their chorus with a might—
Man was made to love His Maker,
Man was made to love the light.

Long the darkness of the ages,
And the weakness of our kind,
Raised a film around our vision,
Keeping us dethroned and blind.
Long we wallowed in the trenches,
While the iron prelates' tread
Swept on grinding us as ingrates,
Ever dying, yet not dead—
Never knowing that within us
God placed armaments of power;
Never knowing of the riches
He has given us as dower.

Read addenda of the struggle
Of the human soul for light,
Trace it everywhere in nations
With a keen impartial sight;
Search the histories of labor,
Scan all genius, science, art,
And you rise ashamed and angry
At the slavery of heart.
Bleeding, bleeding, ever bleeding,
Man sinks lower than the brute:
“ Kill him, burn him, execrate him,
Every fibre, nerve and root.
Never let him think nor reason,
He is nothing but a slave.
Keep his faculties well stunted,
He will soon drop in the grave.”
Christian unity, how blessed
In the early Christian age!
No prelatic jurisdiction
Marred its godly pilgrimage.
When the church of Christ united—
Though unlike in churchly ties—
To respect one common Scripture,
Making love its chief emprise;
Joined in settling controversy,
Placing schism, checking wrong,

Each with each in church communion,
While their faith in God was strong.
O had but this simple Christ life
Leavened with the growing years!
Love and peace to-day were masters,
Where, instead, are blood and tears.

Prelacy, once plain and humble,
Wrought a noble work for God,
But threw off her sacred vestments
And usurped the tyrant's rod.
Living like an abject mistress,
Seldom rising from the mode,
Worshipping the cup and platter,
As our Saviour clearly showed;
Ever piling up the symbol
As the only way to grace,
With an endless line of torture
Aimed for those that doubt her case;
Ever carrying to the sunlight
Sensuous custom as sublime,
As said Cyprian and Eusebius
Of the mummeries of their time.
Read Lactantius, read St. Austin,
Read Ignatius, if you please;

List to Athanasius' wailings
 Ringing through his homilies.
Read them well, and you will wonder.
 There you see, with painful force,
The old robe of Demiurgos
 Stolen from a pagan source.
Let the ego of our being
 Stand out free and disenthralled,
Man was made the child of freedom,
 By his Maker's hand installed.
This his glory—let his manhood
 Meet the issue clear and bright—
Man, the monarch of creation,
 Bears a passport for the light.
Take our faculties all harnessed
 Worthy of the mind of man—
There we find the seed of progress
 Quickening daily in its span,
Spreading out and all-embracing
 In its grasp to seize the whole—
Never resting dumb, quiescent,
 Never narrowing the soul.
Where love, honor, truth and wisdom
 Are emblazoned in its fold,
Where the genius of the people
 Is esteemed above all gold.

Where the right to think and labor
Is acknowledged as man's right,
And emancipation's radiance
Ever lifts him to the light.

* * * *

Words can never give full justice
To the open public school;
To some reading of God's Record,
Making subjects fit to rule.
Where the faculties, all harnessed
For the battlefield of life,
Will be trained to reap wise harvest,
And avoid inhuman strife;
Where the gifts of the Creator
Can be seen and understood,
And the world at length awaken
To the fact that God is good;
Where a prospect grand and joyous
Opens for the human race,
And the people note their progress
As they step to higher place.
Up then, reader, search with vigor,
Energy must keep its youth.
Discipline is man's best measure
In the vestibule of truth.

Yes, ye prophets of the ages,
Time at length unfolds the seal;
Wisdom, justice meet fulfilment,
Life cannot reverse the wheel.
Evolution seeks advancement,
Opes a pathway for the mind,
As the ghoul of Superstition
Dies, nor leaves a trace behind.
Not a subterfuge avails her.
Men come from the vaults of fear;
Minds are coursing o'er our planet,
Making all the vista clear,
Pulling down those cunning fictions
That ecclesiasts have piled
Round the aureole of manhood,
And the godhead of the Child.
Life and light demand dominion,
Theirs by sacredness of birth,
And the power that dares deny them
Will be hustled off the earth.
All the world at length uniting
For this common bond of right:
He who gave us eyes for seeing,
Gave us minds to search for LIGHT.

GALVESTON.

GOD is on the water as on the land,
And whether on mountain top or in the vale
Let us look up and know He acts in justice.
In that great siege of waters He was there,
And there is nothing lost from His great ken,
Though pitiful the way the innocents died,
Carried like straws on the water to their doom.
Old mother Nature hinted of catastrophe,
And sent out History as a monitor,
But some said, "Well, we can make piles of money—
We have no time to think of others now,
We better build a city by the sea."
And so, with hurricane and earthquake near her,
Commercialism built with cunning hand
A city a few steps above the waves,
Saying in evidence, We are masters here,
Waves dare not crush us now! When, like the man,
Who, taunted as a coward, up in rage
And threw his fellow. Aye, and God was back
Of mother Ocean, when she threw her arms
And gathered thousands to her briny bosom.
Then lamentation covered all the land,

And wakening from the horror, millions pledged
Their millions that survivors might be cheered.
We need not censure. God is here as there.
And one day will come and test the affection
Of those who love to play the game of Babel
The second time, and mount our altars, shouting
“The monkey is our sire and ancestor.”
For He that stirreth the wind and pulleth down
The rocks from off their bases, can He not throw
Your thirty story buildings to destruction?
Your science is your death warrant; for your boast
Is measured beyond your stature. Here
God places His children, and we know right well
Whatever way we seek Him, He's a Sovereign.
But we care not, and in our gorgeous structures,
Temples, trolleys—and the gambling pool-room
We cry out “No, we want Thee not; we'll slaughter
Whom we please”—then gathering young and old
In every section of our wealthy streets,
We drop the bodies down beneath the wheels
To grease our juggernauts of blood for money;
And corporations look and laugh, and sneer,
And eat the bait of blood and life for money,
When, for expense of a few million dollars,
Some tunnelling would save our lives and honor.

Look at our war with Spain, when patriot fires
Urged our best men to fight on Cuba's soil,
And how we fed them—bidding them eat of meats
Tainted as from the garbage heap; and there
From fever and contagion thousands perished,
While corporations laughed and laughed again
To know their putrid stores brought hoards of money,
No matter if our country should be lost.
When God laughs, therefore, as He tells us plainly,
The nations oft will feel the terrible judgment
Of ruin wrought by the demoniac few.
God save our land from vampires such as these!

TO THE FIVE YEAR OLD HUMAN FLOWER,
IDA LOUISE ROSS.

I LOVE you, Nature's darling,
And I will tell you why.
The pretty house you live in
Is graceful to mine eye.
And though I cannot see you,
I see your windows fair,
The tower and handsome buttresses,
So rich beyond compare.

How good is God to us, child,
To guard us all so well!
He builds us each a temple
Where the dear heart may dwell.
And when we meet, dear Ida,
How strange to you and me—
We cannot see each other,
And yet we both can see.

Well, here it is, dear Ida—
When God made us of clay
He breathed upon us, and in love
His spirit came to stay.
In Him, then, little sunflower,
You see with your bright eyes.
So live in Him rejoicing,
For such love never dies.

BY THE BROOK CHERITH.

How quick the Infinite hand
In guarding well his own!
How tenderly He takes command,
And keeps us near His throne!

Where'er we wish to move,
On earth, or sea, or air,
There is the canopy of love,
But He is also there.

The rocks and shoals we meet
Form part of Nature's plan
To prick the bubbles of conceit
That dwarf and injure man.

Our conduct forms our life.
How dead and dumb without!
But what if God were in the strife
To bring his plans about?

Behold God's beauty, then!
And never be afraid,
In spite of all the bulls of men,
To view the world He made.

Fear not; some sovereign state
Adjusts the lot you feel.
Unfathomed circumstance puts weight
Upon the balance wheel.

For better far this thing
With all its sweet anointing,

Than that earth's loud applause should ring,
Without the Lord's appointing.

How many come and go!
They gaze and pass away.
How many tread the path of woe,
And never wish to stay!

Some wrong has fenced them round,
Since light first kissed their lips,
And crushed those faculties profound
That never meant eclipse.

Why? Reason questions why.
Who mapped out this design?
What fools are men who dare apply
This work to the Divine!

God! Beauty, love and joy
He pictures every hour.
Whence came the monster to destroy
And rob man of his dower?

This be our work for man,
To point him to his God;
Assist him through life's devious plan,
Relieve him with his load.

Not force him to our thought,
Nor fright him with vague fears.
But bid him see in his tried lot
The sign of better years.

Light fires to make his way
Bright, honest, true and strong;
And, when he falters by the way,
To cheer his soul with song.

The birds that sing at morn
Beneath our window gate,
Ne'er whisper of a hope forlorn,
But brighten our estate.

O blessed Honesty!
A fortress and a wall.
O sweet and chaste Humility!
The noblest grace of all.



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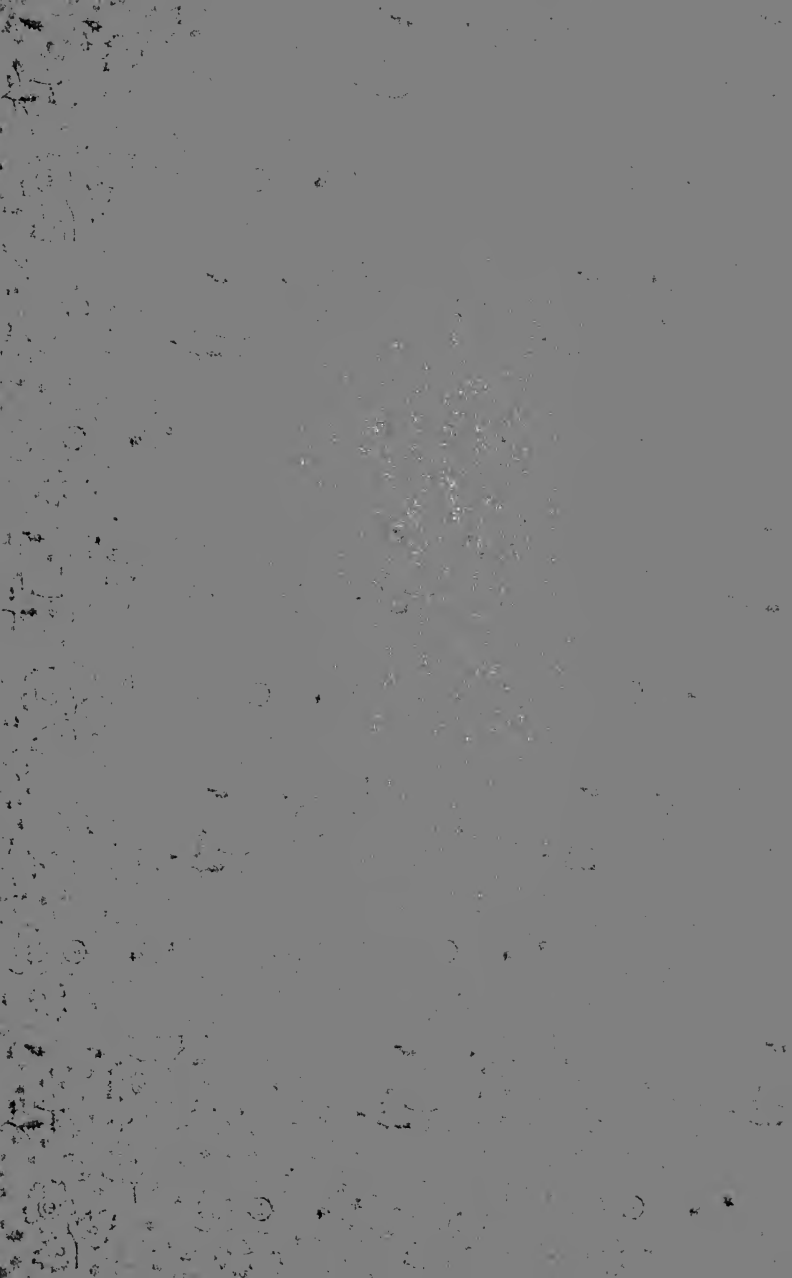
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